# Thomas Corwin Iliff

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# Thomas Corwin Iliff

Apostle of Home Missions
in the Rocky Mountains

BY
JAMES DAVID GILLILAN

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TO

THE MINISTRY AND THE MEMBERSHIP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SPECIALLY OF THE GREAT WEST; WHERE, BECAUSE OF HIS FERVENT SPIRIT AND FERVID ELOQUENCE, RELIGION IS STRONGER, PATRIOTISM PURER, AND FELLOWSHIP HOLIER, IN ALL THE REGION FROM CANADA TO MEXICO AND FROM THE FATHER OF WATERS TO THE PEACEFUL SEA.

AND

TO THE RAPIDLY DIMINISHING GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, HIS COMRADES AND FELLOWS OF THE STORMIER DAYS.

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# INTRODUCTION

After the bloody uprising of the Blackfeet Indians in the 70's General James A. Garfield, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, accompanied by Secretary Belknap, of President Grant's Cabinet, went into the wilds of Montana for the purpose of making a treaty with them.

While investigating the cause of this disturbance General Garfield visited Missoula and hunted up the Rev. T. C. Iliff, the Methodist missionary for that remote region. He found the preacher in the garden of the little parsonage looking after his flowers.

"I am General Garfield of the United States Army," said the soldier, "and I am looking for a fighting parson by the name of Iliff. Can you tell me where I can find him?"

"My name is Iliff and I am a minister," was the parson's ready reply; and having

said this he invited the officer into his hospitable home. The General remained there all the afternoon and obtained the settlers' version of the recent trouble they had had with the Indians.

As he went away he jocularly remarked, "I know the head of your Missionary Society in New York, and when I see him I shall tell him that I found his missionary in Montana drilling a company of soldiers of which he himself is lieutenant."

"Kindly tell him also, General," said Mr. Iliff, "that in order to save the souls of men I must first save their lives. You can say to him too that every man in the company attends church regularly, and that they did not do so until I had disciplined them as soldiers."

A Montana newspaper had this note, which explains the foregoing more fully, a posthumous statement:

"Like Saul of Tarsus, Dr. Iliff was a fighting divine. In times of peace he preached the gospel to the Argonauts and the adventurers who came early to Mon-

tana; in times of war, when the redskins threatened his flock, he girded the sword of the soldier about his loins and went out to do battle.

"Before the call to the ministry came to him he had been a soldier and fought through the Civil War. So when the Blackfeet rebelled against the dictates of the Federal government and sent their 'braves' on the warpath, threatening the little community of Missoula, the minister became the soldier again. He organized and drilled a company so as to be in readiness."

The very name "Utah" had in those days a far-away sound; about it clung an aroma of romance and adventure such as Moore sets forth in "Lalla Rookh." The Oriental appeared transplanted in the Occident. The mosque was represented in the tabernacle; the seraglio with its harems joined close up to the Temple block. Brigham Young followed the example of his acknowledged superior and contemporary, Joseph Smith, and sheltered himself and his polygamous deeds behind the Prophet's revelations.

In humble token of this superiority the later "Prophet, Seer, and Revelator," took in marriage some of the former prophet's women, while many of his official companions and others were likewise well provided with a plurality of wives.

This was deemed un-American by the people of the United States and steps were taken to force a complete cessation of the widely spreading practice. Divers laws were enacted by the national Congress, the most notable at that time being the drastic and far-reaching Edmunds-Tucker Bill of 1882. This made it a misdemeanor to hold out to the world more than one woman as a wife, and was punishable with both fine and imprisonment.

It was at this strategic date that Mr. Iliff became the superintendent of the Utah Mission. This field embraced all of the Territory of Utah and extended northward as far as the forty-second parallel excepting Fort Hall Indian Reservation, and included Blackfoot and Pocatello in Idaho.

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

For thirty-five years, eventful in the rapid progress and permanent development of the inter-Rocky Mountain regions and resources, it was my privilege to be intimately associated with the subject of these pages. In 1883 in answer to his call I left the work of the school teacher in Ohio and for fifteen of the following years collaborated most intimately with him in the varied tasks under the direction of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension. It proved to be the most strenuous years possible for times of peace because of the difficulties the government had in effecting amicable relations between itself and the people of Utah.

With this doughty superintendent from the Buckeye State it was my exalted privilege to ride and otherwise to travel by almost every conceivable conveyance up and down the hills of the Utah Mission, through

the velvety valleys and into and out of the craggy canyons hunting the miners, farmers, and isolated settlers, all the while trying to do the work of good shepherds of Jesus Christ. We camped, ate, slept; talked, rejoiced, sympathized; wept, laughed, and shouted together in the ebullient joy of the Lord and in the exuberance of youth and mature manhood.

By any standard of measurement he was never known to assume other than equal rank among the humblest of his company. No weather was too severe, no storm too tumultuous, no mode of travel too strenuous to swerve him and his men from these pioneer trips.

His relation to the West is shown in the chapter on "Lure of Gold," the vital impact he made on the un-American doctrine and practice of polygamy is seen in the lecture on "Mormonism, a Menace to the Nation," which was delivered with tremendous power from shore to shore of the nation; and his fervor as a patriot after the Civil War is exhibited in the masterly address at the dedi-

cation of the Grand Army Monument in Salt Lake City. It was on this occasion that Judge Goodwin, editor of the Salt Lake Tribune, and a most brilliant author, said to him, "Iliff, it is time for you to die now while your fame is secure."

# I

# BIOGRAPHICAL

# CHAPTER I

## BIOGRAPHICAL

Thomas Corwin Iliff was born at McLuney, Perry County, Ohio, October 26, 1845, son of Wesley and Harriett Iliff; grandson of John Iliff and Anna Iliff, and of Noah Teal and Anna Teal, of the same locality. On the paternal side he was of German descent; his earliest American ancestor emigrated from England to America in 1760 and settled at Newton, New Jersey. On his mother's side he was of Irish extraction. His father, who was born in 1814, and died in 1883, was a native of Pennsylvania; his mother, born in 1818, and died in 1872, was a native of Ohio. His parents were married in Perry County, Ohio, in 1836, and Thomas Corwin was the fourth child and third son of a family of seven children consisting of five sons and two daughters.

His early education was received at the

district school of his native home. Four months of the year were devoted to school work and the remaining eight months were spent at work on the farm. His education was interrupted, however, by the Civil War, and at sixteen he enlisted as a private. He took part in sixty engagements, was with Sherman in the march to the sea, through the Carolinas, and was mustered out three months after Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, in 1865.

On his return home he at once entered the Ohio University, taking the classical course, and was graduated in 1870. He was received into the Ohio Conference of the Methodist Church the same year and sent as junior preacher to the Coolville Circuit, with twelve preaching places.

Three months later he was appointed by Bishop Clark as missionary to the Rocky Mountains, and located at Missoula, Montana, then a town of one hundred white people, with thousands of Indians in the immediate vicinity. Two thousand miles of the trip was made by railroad and eight hun-

dred miles by stage. With his own hands, and money saved from his salary, together with what he was able to secure from the people, and five hundred dollars from the Board of Church Extension, he built the first Protestant church between Helena, Montana, and Walla Walla, Washington.

In 1880-81 he traveled extensively throughout Europe, the Holy Land, and Egypt. For a period of twenty-five years, from 1875 to 1901, Dr. Iliff was in charge of the Methodist missions in Utah. He preached in nearly every Methodist church throughout Utah, Idaho, and Montana, built and dedicated many of them, and participated in all the battles for the supremacy of the American home, public school, and patriotism, from the days of Brigham Young, the great leader, to Joseph F. Smith, the late prophet of the Mormon Church.

Dr. Iliff was chairman of the allied Christian and American forces of Utah, successfully opposing the seating of Brigham H. Roberts, polygamous congressman-elect

from Utah, in 1899. During that campaign he went into thirty States of the Union, and his addresses before Conferences and public assemblies had much to do with the uprising of the American people. He met Mr. Roberts at the door of the national Congress and challenged his right to admission, not because Mr. Roberts was a Mormon but because he was a polygamist. He procured witnesses from Utah, and was the acknowledged leader in handling the case before the Congressional Committee.

Dr. Iliff was assistant secretary of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, Methodist Episcopal Church, from 1901 to 1909, during which time he visited every State and Territory in the interest of this society, traveling forty thousand miles annually, a total of over three hundred thousand miles.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Ohio and De Pauw Universities in 1887, on the same day.

He married, at Belpre, Ohio, March 22,

1871, Mary A., daughter of Richard and Sarah Robinson. Four children of the union are living—one son and three daughters, another three dying in infancy. Mrs. Iliff accompanied her husband on his first missionary trip to the Far West, and was of great service to him in his work for forty-seven years.

Dr. Iliff was prominent in Grand Army affairs, having been department commander of Utah, and chaplain-in-chief of the national organization. His lecture "The Sunny Side of Soldier Life—What an Ohio Cavalry Boy Saw in the Army," has been given in all sections of the country. The late Bishop McCabe declared, "It is the best of its kind." He was also an up-to-date authority on the Mormon question. His lecture "Mormonism Versus Americanism" stirred the nation from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

For a number of years prior to his death Dr. Iliff lived at University Park, Denver, and took a special interest in the Iliff School of Theology located there. During this

period his time was largely given to lecturing and preaching throughout the land and in dedicating churches and in raising money for church purposes.

In 1880 the Utah Conference honored itself by sending Thomas Corwin Iliff its ministerial delegate to the General Conference which met that year in Cincinnati.

Thus he continued in the activities of the church, standing at all times in positions of trust and honor, till the time of his final release, which came in 1918, when he had reached the ripe age of seventy-two.

His niche in the Rocky Mountain civilizing agencies will not be filled, because there is no need of another of his kind. There was a distinct place for the sort of work he did; he was the man to do it. He did it well.

# II

# EARLY LIFE

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.

—*Whittier*, "*Barefoot Boy.*"

. . . did the nightly chores—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinneying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows.

—*Ibid.*, "*Snowbound.*"

## CHAPTER II

## EARLY LIFE

The rocky hills of the eastern and the southeastern portion of Ohio are not remarkable for fertility of soil. They are rich in mineral deposits of iron, lime, and stone-coal. The steep escarpments were then and are yet largely covered with a native growth of shrubs and briers producing various kinds of edible berries. The wicked greenbriers, whose tough vines and poisonous thorns were the bane of the lad in bare feet; the sassafras tree, whose root-bark furnishes the tea for all spring diseases; the hazel-brush, that bears the brown nut wrapped in its acrid and ruffled husk; the red service-berry; the wintergreen (mountain tea); the fox and other wild grapes are specimens of the lesser brush so common. It has not been long since those same hills were heavy with the greater trees—the oak of many kinds, chestnut,

maple, different hickories, walnut, and beech.

The staple crop was corn which had a good growth on the steeps as well as in the narrow valleys. So sharp are these slopes that a special tool, the side-hill plow, was invented for their cultivation. The farmer being unable to go round his field in the regulation manner of plowing, started at the bottom and plowed to and fro, turning his mold-board at each end of the furrow until he reached the top of his "land."

In such regions were born men who made history for their State, their nation, or their church. General Ulysses S. Grant, General Philip H. Sheridan, and Bishop S. M. Merrill were among this number. These knew the meaning of practical poverty and the achings of him who wrung bread from the poor soil of the yellow hills where the ginseng, the puccoon, the rattle-root, and other efficacious herbs were to be found in wild profusion; in company with these were the pleasant sweet anise, spikenard, and similar useful plants.

Thomas Corwin Iliff was born among these hills and of parents who, though poor in purse, were rich in character. This "barefoot boy with cheek of tan" knew the experiences of the stubbed toe, the stone-bruise, chapped feet, the trailing dewberry vine, and the lurking bumblebee nests. He often had to hunt the cows throughout the large, unfenced pastures and on many a frosty morning was glad to stand for a few minutes in the spot warmed by the sleeping cattle in order to thaw out his beet-red feet.

Much of the land was then uncleared of its primeval forests, and these boundless woods abounded in game. Deer and the wild turkey were common; the wild pigeons had their roosts among the giant trees in such numbers that the branches were often shattered by their sheer weight.

So abundant were these woods that the farmers were continually compelled to clear out new fields. Some of the logs were made into fence-rails and the remainder burned in great log-heaps. The rails were made by splitting with maul, iron wedge, and dog-

wood glut; the walnut, the oak, and the chestnut furnished the most of such rail material in the earlier years. For the making of these log-heaps a log-rolling was necessary. A boy would be sent to a dozen farms pleasantly to notify the *pater familias* that his "pap" was going to have a "log-rolling frolic" on such and such a day and invited him to "come over" and "bring his hand-spike along." Sometimes the farmer's wife would send word to the *"mater familias"* to "come over along," although this was usually included in the invitation given to the head of the house. By a queer custom these invitations were considered imperative unless there were other pressing demands. It was the "law of the pack," a part of the unwritten community regulation.

At these gatherings there were sparring matches for the younger men; for often at the dinner hour there would be wrestling, jumping, and other such homely sport; but in the field while they worked like titans they tilted each other in feats of strength such as lifting the massive logs on their handspikes,

ILIFF CHURCH, PERRY COUNTY, OHIO.
Where Young Iliff Was "soundly converted"

straining themselves until the knotted cords of their necks and the abundant sweat from their bronzed faces proclaimed the giants had met.

Then the dinner! Half a dozen housewives each widely known for her culinary skill had done their best. There were the homely dishes of pork and beans, chicken and hominy, sometimes venison and bear meat, potatoes and pot-roasts; all kinds of fruit butters—apple, peach, pear; and pastries, pies, etc. Who could be happier or more healthful than these primitive people of the Buckeye and adjoining States? They all fared alike.

In the evening they often had a party of some sort, and the younger fellows in their blue or brown jeans and flannel shirts were the very finest lookers for the red-cheeked girls in linsey-woolsy.

Other bees were common: the rail-mauling, the apple-cuttings, the sugaring-off, the molasses-making, as well as the old-fashioned method of doing the threshing. The women had different kinds of bees: wool-

picking, quilting, carpet-rag sewing, and many others common to such society; for they were all queens of the happy land where there was enjoyed a perfect communism far above any that smacks of politics. These neighbors were truly keepers of each other and one another's interests in a way not to be compared to any plan evolved by any mechanical system as yet advertised.

There is a class of teachers who declare in general and most vehement terms that poverty is the main cause of sin, vice, and crime. To the one-eyed dreamer this seems true, and he may be honest in his expression because of his ignorance; but ignorance curable by careful, painstaking, and unprejudiced observation, seeking for the whole truth, is not long to be called honesty, but dangerous prejudice. Open-eyed observers know true religion and dire poverty can and do exist under the same roof and in the same life. The rugged, guttered gulches and the briery fields of Ohio have not been known as the best localities from which to grow criminals. People more sturdy in religious

living and moral character do not exist than they of that portion of the Buckeye State. The practical principles of Jesus find ready acceptance in the hearts and lives of these "plain people of the hills."

Born within the boundaries of the same county, Perry, both Iliff and Sheridan had in them the metal and the mettle for the most rigid fires and truest development. They did not "grasp the skirts of happy chance," but they did "breast the blows of circumstance."

Patriotism of the "first water" has ever had a home in the hill-country of every land. Every nation has taken lessons from the Swiss. Poverty, patriotism, and righteousness are an inseparable triad. These too compose the foundations of true ambition.

Then, as now, the "woods were full" of the appointments of the itinerating Methodist preacher who counted it a year lost and who received a reprimand of some sort at Conference if he had not held successful revival meetings on their huge circuits. In the little old Iliff Chapel, whose modest suc-

cessor is pictured on another page, Tommy was converted and at the age of sixteen was a class-leader.

Thus it was not by accident that Ohio produced such generals as Grant, Sherman, Sheridan; such statesmen as John Sherman, Garfield, McKinley; such a *littérateur* as W. D. Howells; such churchmen as Merrill, McCabe, Moore, Cranston, and many contemporaries. Once Mr. McKinley was asked why Ohio had so many men capable of filling any office or position on earth; he did not modestly parry the question, but said: "It is because of the many small colleges Ohio has."

In such surroundings, breathing the deepest draughts of physical, mental, and spiritual purity, our friend lived till he was called to the colors by the Civil War and served to its close.

# III

# LURE OF GOLD

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## CHAPTER III

## LURE OF GOLD

THE lure of gold and the lure of the home were among the very earliest motives and sentiments causing the permanent civilization of the Great West. Adventure pure and simple was another mighty factor, but it brings no permanency.

The Rocky Mountain row of bristling giants ranging themselves formidably are the "ancient, free, and accepted" guardians of wealth incalculable, and are popularly known as "Uncle Sam's strong box." Those "hoary peaks that proudly prop the skies" are stubborn arms of love which embrace, uphold, and maintain the treasures of metals galore; the soil-making materials gradually and steadily being triturated from the perishable cliffs through the action of the ceaseless and regular cataclysms of the fine-grinding mills of nature; they hold in their

frost-dammed arms, reservoirs not made with hands, the innumerable fountains to feed the Missouris, the Colorados, the Columbias, and the other carriers of fresh water to the thirsty salt-sated oceans. Besides these good offices the lordly hills stand unconquered warders, pushing back the crazy cyclone that would invade our intra-mural valleys; shunting aside the uncongenial norther, which, to find room for its ugliness, must seek Texas, Kansas, or some other open region; forbidding the entrance desired by the ninety-mile gale that sometimes attempts to sweep over the Cascades, but which has to die, beaten to death, on their westward slopes.

The love of gold lured men westward into the hard-hearted hills. Hood has it:

> "Gold, gold, gold, gold;
> Heavy to get and hard to hold."

Pollock says:

> "Gold, many hunted, sweat, and bled for gold;
> Waked all the night and labored all the day.
> . . . . . .

A dust dug from the bowels of the earth,
Which being cast into the fire, came out
A shining thing that fools admired, and called
A god."

The metals of these mighty hills, especially gold, silver, and copper, attracted the early attention of the prospector, the undaunted wager of battles on the conquerable yet indestructible elements. In his thirsty quest for the yellow metal nothing ever turned him back, and only death could stop him. Fire and flood, cold and distance were the opposers that made the heart beat more determinedly, but had no deterrent effect. Arizona deserts and Death Valley; the Klondike and Dawson City; the Yukon and Nome; placers in frozen tundras and quartz from the mountain drift were all alike to him. The aim was gold. The end was gold.

For gold with pack on horse, burro, or dog (if not on his own back), his gun in one hand and his life in the other, he saw no plains, or mountains, or Indians, or cactus, or cold, or distance. He went on and on, on, on, on till he found it. There he estab-

lished camps which grew sometimes into settlements. The good government sent his irregular mail to him and not only enlarged the trail he had instinctively surveyed with his life, but made it safe. Thither the minister went because the people were there; for where men and women abound more or less of sin abounds. The lure of gold thus had its part in calling the pioneer preacher.

### Lure of the Home

Man never can be considered complete until he has a home. The nucleus of the home is the sensible man married to the same sort of woman; a lover loving a lovable wife. The homeless man is a rolling stone, a floater; flotsam sooner or later to become jetsam. He is often almost a nameless entity. The safest, serenest, most soul-satisfying spot known on earth is the home, the place nearest heaven.

The overcrowded centers everywhere are merely multiplying agencies scattering their expressed and superabounding units like spores to float finally to some suitable an-

chorage elsewhere. Thus new homes are founded, new centers formed, new communities fostered.

The price man has paid for his home is absolutely incalculable. He has paid for it with his life at the hand of the lurking savage; sometimes it was with the life of his wife and children in the same manner, as also in the dangers incident on travel in new lands. He has paid for it in years of toil and disappointment; in poverty and tears; in battles with new climates, wild beasts, and wilder men. These were only second payments, however. The first heart-breaking payment was made when loved ones were left behind, holy hearthstones abandoned, sacred shrines forsaken; grass-grown graves which were never to be seen again. These are partial payments, although first ones. In the earlier days few, if any, pioneers expected ever to see the older home again. They gave all the old for the new.

### Lure of Souls

The home-makers had been trekking into

Idaho, Utah, Montana, and everywhere among the Western uplands. The intensely fertile valleys were opening their pent-up treasures to the farmer under his magic wand, the plow. One point in Idaho was far, far away from the nearest railway; and this was the twentieth century.

The Conference had appointed Father Hawkins, a man just past the prime of his able life, to be trail-breaker to this valley. There was but one way whereby this new circuit of immensity could be reached; that was by team and wagon. His wife and daughter assisted in the final preparation, and these two women had charge of one of the two big wagons; the minister cared for the other.

Idyllic Idaho vies with ozonic Oregon in salubrity of atmosphere and desirable autumn days. The month was September. From the fat valleys of the Snake and the Boise they ascended the unbrageous uplands among the sweet-scented firs and lordly pines. Days passed slowly as the heavy vehicles were toilsomely drawn up the roofy slopes. The evenings were Elysian. The

deceptive winds whispered the night's lullaby of peace as they sang the tired soul-hunters to sleep in their sky-covered beds. The meals were cooked at the campfires and needed no peptonic aid for digestion. Such a journey in such a region under so happy surroundings can easily be made too short.

They had reached the high pass at the top of the last ridge of hills and were preparing for the angry descent toward their new field of labor. Their road was little more than a widened deer-trail down a granite ledge never intended for human foot or vehicle.

The wheels were carefully rough-locked (a log-chain so fixed that it would remain between the dead wheel and the earth), and the careful father went down with his ponderous load; reaching the foot of the most dangerous escarpment, a real precipice, he stopped, love-held, to watch the other team safely down.

"Be careful, mamma," he called.

"We're all right, father," was the confident reply as they scanned the steep.

Just then the deadened wheel struck a

bump, causing the other wheels to skid, and even as he looked, the wagon with its precious contents tumbled over sidewise, down into a gulch filled with the accumulated debris of many a winter—logs, brush, and rocks.

Doubtless thinking they were killed or badly injured, neither of which was the fact, they escaping with minor cuts and bruises, the pioneer preacher's mind gave way. For ten years he lingered. The last months of his life were endured with very acute mental and physical suffering, and much of the time force was required to restrain his acts, although he was harmless as to individuals. Often he would be heard muttering, "O, that terrible mountain! that terrible mountain!" That awful scene and moment of the years agone were indelibly pictured on the retina of his memory.

The writer often visited him and had from his lips a great testimony supranaturally given. In the sufferer's worst and wildest delirium he would slip to the side of his disordered bed and repeat in his ear

a rich promise from the Book or repeat a stanza of our great hymn collection. At once he was quieted, and sane as ever in his long and useful life, and for the nonce rational. If it was "In my Father's house are many mansions," he would at once point upward and say, "Yes, there, there"; or he would join in a song of praise and faith. Lost to the fleeting world and all its vain interests, untouched and unreachable by mundane reasoning, he was at home in things spiritual; he "was founded upon the Rock."

One day the angels came, called, and beckoned. He understood; he looked up, smiled, and went.

The "lure of souls" had called the church to send him. He went not knowing whither or to what, but it was done most willingly. He went faithful to death.

This member of the Idaho Conference is a type.

It was to those who were thus lured into the wondrous West that the home missionaries went.

# IV

# AN HONEST INDIAN

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!

—*Thomas Gray.*

## CHAPTER IV

## AN HONEST INDIAN

It was during the days of pioneer turbulence, when the oncoming waves of white settlers were breaking with lashing fury on the native Indians, that these Christian trail-makers had experiences of most thrilling interest. Brave men they were who went out to meet and to conquer the opposing forces whether in man or nature; yet in many ways were the women braver, for they had to stay at home not knowing at what time or in what manner they might be visited or attacked by the wondering and wandering red man.

Mrs. Iliff, while retiring and unassuming, was nevertheless as courageous as any of the fellow pioneers among the "stern sex." She relates the following incident in their early Montana experiences as one among many:

"It was in the fall of 1873, while we were

living in Bozeman. The Nez Perce Indians were a wild, roving tribe, though not hostile to the whites at that time. It was their habit every summer to go to the Yellowstone country to hunt buffalo; and as this region was inhabited by the Sioux and looked upon by them as their exclusive possession, any invasion by the other tribes invariably resulted in conflict between them and the aggressors. The Nez Perce never took their squaws into the danger zone but scattered them in and about Bozeman (which was then but a small village), safely quartered in their tepees. They were habitual beggars and a constant source of annoyance to the few whites; almost every day they came to the houses asking for coffee, tea, 'hoggy meat,' 'bissykit' (bread), and sometimes offering dirty buffalo tongue in exchange.

"On one occasion, Amos, chief 'medicine man' for the tribe, came stalking into my kitchen (for the Indian never stops to knock at a door), bringing with him four or five dozen eggs for me to boil for him. I was a 'tenderfoot' in every sense of the word.

All in the world I knew of Indians I had read in books, and that only of their savagery and thirst for blood; so because of abject fear I never denied an Indian his request, and even pretended to be more than glad to accommodate the big medicine man by granting his simple request. I was utterly alone that day.

"When he returned from his hunt in the fall, late toward winter, he lost no time in coming to the house. With great appearance of honest pride he thrust his hand into an old dirty gunny-sack he had and brought out six Sioux scalps, exclaiming: 'Ugh, heap big present! Kill Sioux, take scalp! Present!' He had learned a few English words, sufficient at least to make himself understood. Of course I could not do otherwise than express my delight (!) and thanks.

"When it is recalled that an Indian's rank depends upon the number of scalps taken from the enemy warriors and that they mean more than buffalo robes, ponies, or jewels, we can appreciate the depth of gratitude this

Chief Amos really expressed in offering that unique gift in repay for the small act of boiling his eggs."

These scalps were made use of in an unusual way afterward.

Chaplain McCabe was Mrs. Iliff's cousin. When he became missionary secretary he found much interest in the erection of First Church in Salt Lake City, the building that was located on Third South Street. For years it stood uncompleted while many a passer-by laughed in his sleeve at what he thought was a white elephant and a failure of the Methodists.

But the valorous chaplain, never defeated even in Libby Prison, knew the story of his cousin Mary, then living in Salt Lake City, and procuring those long-dried scalps, he made a tour of the United States pleading for his cousin-in-law's Salt Lake City church; and waving those ghastly trophies of the warpath, he told in his own matchless manner the story of their obtaining. "Thus," as Dr. Iliff used to say, "Chaplain McCabe waved these gruesome scalps over the heads

DR. ILIFF AND "BROTHER VAN,"
So Well Known as the "Heavenly Twins"

of appreciative audiences and secured the twenty-five thousand dollars necessary to finish that building, our first church in Zion."

It was at about this time in their Montana history they became acquainted with "Brother Van," one of the earliest of the right sort of civilizers on the upper Missouri. This is the Rev. William W. Van Orsdel, known now from shore to shore of our America, and possessing friends in every land; for he has attended many of the General Conferences; in fact, all of them since 1876, as a delegate, and is loved, honored, and renowned. The "Jonathan-and-David friendship" and affection between him and Dr. Iliff was so great that they were popularly known as the "Heavenly Twins," and at the General Conference at Saratoga Springs they were in constant demand for services of song and speech. Brother Van could stir that great aggregation of cosmopolitans with song at any hour or in any turbulent juncture with Dr. Spencer's "Over and over," while Dr. Iliff's stentorian shout and perennial blaze of spiritual energy would have the perturbed

host joining with him in fervent tears and hallelujahs.

These "Twins" were like the Siamese Chang and Eng, and very nearly inseparable.

# V

# THE VETERAN OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY REENLISTS

## CHAPTER V

## THE VETERAN OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY REENLISTS

YOUNG Iliff belonged to that manly band of patriots who had become "old soldiers," many of them while yet in their later 'teens, and he had the fortitude and the good sense to forsake the roof-tree of his father and go West.

The experiences of the Civil War had given to the soldiers of both armies a widened horizon. They were not the men who went out to fight. There was now for them something more than the narrow neighborhood of their birth; their myopic sight had become telescopic. At once while animosities were settling; after peace had come; after those two gentlemen, Lee and Grant, had met at Appomattox Courthouse, many, many of them found their way to the mighty

new West, just then coming into greater national notice. The unmeasured deposits of gold had been well heralded, the new discoveries of silver and lead were attracting the hungry eyes of a nation so nearly depleted of money by the four-year war. Better than all this was the vast unexplored wealth of the exhaustless plains where as yet roamed the myriads of bison. If good for the wild beast, why not good for the domestic animal? Thus the lovers of stock reasoned and immediately began the exploring and preempting of the limitless ranges for their herds yet to be.

The soldiers of whom Xenophon wrote in his Anabasis were never the same men who went out to conquer the world. They of Cæsar became geographers and travelers after the campaigns of Gallia, Brittania, and Germania. *"Ne plus ultra"* had in their minds an application and meaning not intended probably by him who first uttered it; to these men it meant, "Nothing beyond my power to explore or discover." They went everywhere. They took home knowl-

HOW HE LOOKED AS A SOLDIER
Sergeant Thomas C. Iliff, Co. A, 9th O. V. C.,
Captain Thomas J. Cochran. Honorably
Discharged at Lexington, N. C., July
20, 1865. He enlisted October
15, 1862

edge that inflamed the hearts as well as the minds of their anxious hearers. Homer was not more a teacher than were the sailors who returned from the voyages of Columbus, Raleigh, Drake, or Amerigo Vespucci. The traveler had conquered. The soldiers and the sailors were the men who became the pioneers of civilization. Their tribes increase.

No richer farm lands existed than the prairies that spread toward the land of the setting sun, and the grazer and the farmer vied in friendly manner in the wonderfully advantageous development of these opulent opportunities.

An art new for the Americans was yet to be learned. That art, little known outside of Egypt, China, and some other Levantine lands, had been used by our prehistoric cliff-dwellers; it was the art of irrigation. Many a lazy river indolently and leisurely following its own sweet will down to the sea was to be lassoed, corraled, harnessed, and tamed, and made to work on great areas that had been parched and shriveled by an eternity

of thirst. The vast tracts marked in the geographies of the schooldays of these soldiers "The Great American Desert" were to be transformed to titanic fields of Nilotic richness.

The old soldier did these things all and many more. Instead of becoming a menace to America, as prophesied by European crowned heads and their hangers-on, these men, if of North or South, who fought not for glory but for liberty and principle, set to work at once to show the world the meaning of enfranchised manhood. The world looked on amazed; it became instructed, and is now shoulder to shoulder doing its best to create for all lands the ideals we have so long held for ourselves.

The old soldier became the miner, the cattle-raiser, the farmer, the school-teacher, the minister, the business man, the railway constructor, the thinker, the prophet; in short, he leaped at once into the active heart of progressive and constructive activity on all practical subjects from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and from the invisible Cana-

dian line to the tropical sands of Mexico. He discovered the truth of Milton's word,

> "Peace hath her victories
> No less renowned than war."

Among such conditions and people the young groom took his bride. He married Miss Mary Robinson, cousin of him who was best known as Chaplain (afterward Bishop) McCabe. At once they plunged into the Western depths too deep ever to be extricated, and following the "lure of souls" went to be missionaries into the wilds that waited all too impatiently for the coming of those that were to subdue them. The gulches of Montana, whither they first were sent, were filled with wild beasts and wilder men and women. Much of the former civilization of these they here found had been deposited with the ancient remains of Ferdinand de Soto in the Mississippi, when they crossed it from their Eastern homes. Too many men carried the law in their hip pockets, and the supreme court was the man who was quickest of trigger.

But it was American brain and brawn. Appomattox had settled the differences between the States; sated with strife and sick of it, but highly satisfied with the results, the men of the gray vied with them of the blue in making our country one to be respected as well as loved. In some portions whole settlements were made up of Southern soldiers and their followers. "The left wing of Price's Army is credited with a number of communities, and if the right wing was as large as this left wing, Price's Army must have been a pretty large bird. But it mattered not to these broad-minded men of the "new country"; all were Americans and ready to fight again for the perpetuation of the new peace and the better understanding among all citizens.

# VI

# PREACHERS AS STATESMEN

The President [Lincoln] discovered very quickly that, the issues of the war being moral, the support of the churches was of the last importance to him. He knew well that no men understood the people so thoroughly as the Methodist bishops, who, being without dioceses, were continually passing over the length and breadth of the land.—*G. R. Crooks, D.D., Life of Bishop Simpson.*

## CHAPTER VI

## PREACHERS AS STATESMEN

It is known that in times of great distress and when fundamental issues are at stake the ministry in our denominations have been drafted to supply the strength of their lives.

It was so when the Continental Congress was struggling to find the sure way to lay right foundations for our baby republic. The Rev. Jacob Duche was asked to attend the meetings and pray for divine guidance.

Bishop Simpson was the adviser of Abraham Lincoln, at times spending the whole night in prayer with that overtaxed soul.

In the Spanish-American War Dr. Iliff was a trusted friend and counselor of President McKinley.

When Brigham H. Roberts, the avowed polygamist, had been elected member of Congress by the Utah Legislature, Dr. Iliff said: "If Mr. Roberts attempts to enter the

halls of Congress, I will be heard in every State of the Union."

He made his word good, and when the case was before Congress itself for investigation and settlement, the patriotic preacher appeared to give evidence. The result was the rejection of the congressman-elect.

His statesmanship is shown even in better light in the fact that, knowing and prophesying the result the primary mission school would have on the Mormon public, he fostered and encouraged their introduction and their continuance. These alarming centers planted so widely among the people from Oxford, Idaho, to Saint George, Utah, became so productive of a new sentiment in the expanding minds of the students, that a halt was deemed necessary by the dominant church and Wilford Woodruff, the president, received the "revelation" which eventually brought about Statehood for Utah, an act of itself so misunderstood by the missionary societies of the churches that support was gradually withdrawn.

He encouraged the entrance of the Wom-

an's Home Missionary Society, the able factor cooperating so helpfully with the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension in bringing clear daylight to the homes so needy in Mormondom.

The future historian cannot truthfully write the story of progress in Utah and in all the Rocky Mountain region without placing this Methodist statesman on a high pedestal.

The lecture on "Mormonism versus Americanism" in the following pages will well tell the tale of danger.

# VII

# LECTURE—MORMONISM A MENACE TO THE NATION

The kingdom is established. It is upon the earth. The kingdom we are talking about, preaching about, and trying to build up is the kingdom of God on earth—not in the starry heavens, nor in the sun; we are trying to establish the kingdom of God on the earth, to which really and properly everything pertaining to men, their faith, their feelings, their convictions, their desires, and every act of their lives belong, that they may be sealed by it spiritually and temporally. We are called upon to establish the kingdom of God literally just as much as spiritually. There is no man on earth who can receive the kingdom of God in his heart and be governed according to the laws of that kingdom without being governed and controlled in all temporal matters.—*Sermon by Brigham Young, in the Journal of Discourses, Vol. IV, p. 77.*

## CHAPTER VII

## LECTURE—MORMONISM A MENACE TO THE NATION

I HAVE had opportunity of knowing Mormonism. I have lived in Utah and in adjoining States since 1870, with residence in Salt Lake City for a quarter of a century. I have mingled with the common people from British possessions to Arizona; have studied their history, read their books, met and heard Brigham Young and all his successors, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow, and Joseph F. Smith; their Twelve Apostles, presidents, bishops, and teachers. I ought to know whereof I speak. Duty, and not pleasure, constrains me to indict Mormonism on its own record before the bar of history. It is the institution and the hierarchy that is on trial. I bear willing testimony that the masses of the Mormon people are peaceable, industrious, temperate, and to the extent of their

knowledge and freedom, well-meaning citizens. From the days of Joseph Smith, the founder, to the present ruling prophet (his nephew, Joseph F.[1]) there has been serious trouble between the leaders of the Mormon Church and the government of the United States. It is the part of the speaker to review this conflict, assign reasons, and give results.

## Why Is Mormonism a Menace to the Nation?

The four corner stones of the temple of liberty reared by our fathers are:

The true idea of God and his revelation to man;

The true spirit of patriotism—"One country and one flag"; Separation of church and state;

The true American school, and no interference by priest, prophet, or pope;

The true idea of the home—one wife, and only one at a time, and she the crowned queen of that household.

[1] Died at Salt Lake City, Utah, November 19, 1918.

Whatever menaces these essential corner stones is a menace to the grandest republic the world has ever known.

Mormonism, judged by its history, by its doctrines, by its teachings, and by its practices, is a menace to each and every one of these corner stones. Hence the irrepressible conflict of the past eighty years.

### Joseph Smith, Founder and Prophet

Joseph Smith was born at Sharon, Vermont, December 23, 1805. When ten years old his family moved to the State of New York. At the age of seventeen he said an angel directed him to a hill, where he found golden plates upon which was written the Book of Mormon. The Mormon Church was organized at Palmyra, New York, April 6, 1830. Headquarters were established in the town of Kirtland, Ohio, in the early 30's.

Trouble soon compelled Smith to move to the Far West, and then to Independence, Missouri. Here more trouble came, culminating in an armed conflict between them

and the Missourians. They then migrated to Illinois and built the town of Nauvoo. Smith was having revelations to suit his ambition and convenience. He claimed to be God's vicegerent with divine authority to rule in all affairs, to take possession of property, wives, and daughters belonging to other folks.

Here amid great excitement at Nauvoo and throughout Illinois and Missouri, Smith and his brother Hyrum, with other leaders, were placed in jail at Carthage charged with treason and other lesser crimes. On June 27, 1844, a band of hundreds of men stormed the jail and fired upon these prisoners. Joseph and his brother were killed.

### Brigham Young

At the death of Smith, Brigham Young, the greatest leader the church ever had, became president, prophet, seer, and revelator. He realized that the Mormon kingdom would never be tolerated by Christian civilization, and began at once to isolate his followers from all contact with the "Gentile"

world; in 1847, two years before the Argonauts rounded Cape Horn, or the forty-niners crossed the Rocky Mountains to California in search of gold, Brigham Young led the people from Nauvoo to Great Salt Lake. Since then their number has increased from a few thousands to half a million, and their influence is nation-wide as a moral, commercial, and political menace.

The growth and power of Mormonism are some of the surprises of modern history. I assign five reasons:

1. Isolation;
2. The leadership of Brigham Young;
3. Thoroughness of the organization;
4. Extent and nature of its missionary propaganda;
5. Fanaticism.

Lord Bacon said, "Given a powerful organization and fanaticism and you have the elements of a dangerous system."

For thirty years—1847-1877—Brigham Young was the ecclesiastical, commercial, and political autocrat of Utah. His dictum no one dared to question. He pro-

claimed to the world Smith's revelation on polygamy and ordered its practice. He established the custom in Utah and took to himself a score or more of polygamous wives, and required the apostles and other leaders to follow his example. He blackened his record with the Mountain Meadow Massacre and other atrocious crimes, such as compose the darkest pages of American history. He organized the state of Deseret and sent representatives to Washington demanding its recognition. He compelled the government to send the United States army to Utah in 1858 to put down a Mormon rebellion costing the nation a million of dollars, as well as hundreds of lives through exposure. He never acknowledged the United States authority to the day of his death in 1877, except when forced to do so or when it suited his scheme. The remotest suggestion that Brigham Young's statue be placed in the Hall of Fame at Washington, or his picture put on the silverware of the battleship Utah, is disgusting, and properly meets with an outburst of indignation.

### United States in Utah

Now, the government had a distinctive mission in Utah, and this address has specially to do with this phase of the problem.

From Brigham Young to the present day the Mormon hierarchy has claimed divine right to build up an "*imperium in imperio*" in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, un-American and destructive of the foundations of the republic. The duty of the nation was imperative. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

As early as 1862 Congress enacted laws against polygamy in Utah, and again in 1870. They were denounced and defied by Brigham Young. The first effective blow that was dealt the Mormon monster in Utah was in 1880, when Eli H. Murray was appointed territorial governor. Others had filled the office, including Young himself; but General Murray will forever stand out as the great governor of Utah. There was not gold enough in the Rocky Mountains to buy him. The denunciations and threats of the

hierarchy only served to inspire him for the inevitable crisis. The opportunity soon presented itself. The election for delegate to Congress was soon after held, and George Q. Cannon, first counselor to the new prophet, seer, and revelator, John Taylor, was reelected, having already served five terms, and who in Washington and over the country boasted his four wives. When Governor Murray was asked for the certificate of election entitling Mr. Cannon to take his seat for the sixth time, it was emphatically refused and the consequences were challenged.

This patriotic act of Governor Murray transferred the conflict from Salt Lake City to Washington, for Cannon was compelled to make his appeal at the door of the national capital, forcing the issue directly upon Congress.

Meantime something happened. When the women of the land, irrespective of church or party or section of country, realized that they had a champion at the front, in the person of Governor Murray, who had the courage of his convictions even at the peril of

# MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

# PEOPLE'S TICKET.

**Monday, February 14th, 1876.**

**FOR MAYOR,**

*FERAMORZ LITTLE.*

**ALDERMEN,**

*1st Ward, - ADAM SPIERS.*
*2nd Ward, HENRY DINWOODEY.*
*3rd Ward, - A. H. RALEIGH.*
*4th Ward, - - JOHN SHARP.*
*5th Ward, - ALEX. C. PYPER.*

**COUNCILORS,**

*BRIGHAM YOUNG,*
*JOHN HENRY SMITH,*
*NICHOLAS GROESBECK,*
*J. R. WINDER,*
*DAVID O. CALDER,*
*GEORGE REYNOLDS,*
*ELIAS MORRIS,*
*ELIJAH F. SHEETS,*
*HARRISON SPERRY.*

**TREASURER,**

*PAUL A. SCHETTLER.*

**RECORDER,**

*JOHN T. CAINE.*

**MARSHAL,**

*ANDREW BURT.*

his life, they rallied to his slogan, "No polygamist need apply!"

Congress was forced to obey the protest that came up from every district of every State of the Union. The result was that George Q. Cannon, first counselor to the prophet, seer, and revelator, had to hie himself back to Utah harem to look after his increasing family cares. That was the first ray of light that gleamed from the nation's capital into the dark valleys of Utah; and we are indebted to the women of the land for that daydawn. Public conscience in and out of Congress was so aroused that quickly were passed the Edmunds and Edmunds-Tucker Bills. Edmunds was a Republican senator from Vermont, and Tucker a Democratic representative from Virginia. It was no political question then—the sanctity of the American Christian home should be preserved.

The enforcement of these laws necessitated one of three things: obedience, enforced exile, or the penitentiary. I sat in the Salt Lake Tabernacle and heard leader

after leader denounce and insult the women who had amended the measure, the Congress that passed it, the President that approved it, and the courts that enforced it. They urged the people to disregard the laws, "live their religion" (polygamy), assuring them that the Mormon God would break in pieces the nation. Hundreds, including apostles, presidents of stakes, bishops, and others, were imprisoned; hundreds went on the "underground" or fled to foreign countries, although every one was offered freedom if he would obey the law. George Q. Cannon in an address declared, "The government will be as powerless in the future as it has been in the past to enforce the anti-polygamy law." Nevertheless, on his way from Washington he himself took to the "underground" railway when it had become effective in Utah.

### President Woodruff's Manifesto

The hierarchy soon became tired of playing the martyr; also there was pending before Congress legislation that would deprive

all Mormons from holding office or exercising the elective franchise.

In September, 1890, President Woodruff, himself in hiding to keep out of the penitentiary, issued a "manifesto" or revelation, suspending polygamy and *all polygamous relations.* In the following October their General Conference by vote unanimously approved the manifesto of the prophet. Later President Woodruff, his counselor, George Q. Cannon, Joseph F. Smith, and the Twelve Apostles over their own signatures declared to President Harrison, the Congress, and the nation at large that the above-named revelation was sacred and binding and would be obeyed. On these solemn promises President Harrison granted amnesty to all offenders. And because of these and other solemn promises and the individual sworn testimonies to the same purport by the priesthood, the government turned over to the Mormon Church all property hitherto confiscated; but with the positive assurance that it was never to be used to propagate polygamy.

It was specified that said property should be used only for the relief of the poor of the church, for education of its children, and for the building and repair of houses of worship in which the rightfulness of the practice of polygamy should not be inculcated. Never were pledges more definitely made to the nation, and never so defiantly violated as these were broken by the hierarchy. All the while politicians of both parties in Washington and in Utah, and leaders of the Mormon Church, were coquetting for Statehood; each courting favors and making promises that Utah would be a Republican or a Democratic State. Many of the "old Gentile Guard" opposed the movement, declaring it would be neither Republican nor Democratic, but Mormon, first, last, and always.

The following was passed by the Conference of the Methodists at their session in 1891:

Sec. 3. *Committee on State of Affairs in Utah.* While efforts are being made in Salt Lake and throughout Utah to organize national political

parties, we believe the times are not yet ripe for such movement. We fear the formation of such party lines will give opportunity for Mormonism to mask its purposes, and under the guise of political patronage to secure the admission of Utah as a State, and then by its large majority to obtain control of Utah politics and restore all the conditions of the past which it has cost so much to overthrow.

Was ever utterance more prophetic?

On July 4, 1896, the forty-fifth star was placed on the "Flag of Stars," a monumental mistake for which both Republican and Democratic leaders are responsible. The day for the launching of Statehood and inaugurating its officials was a great occasion.

### Inauguration of Governor H. M. Wells

The exercises were held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. The day preceding the event I was waited upon by the committee in charge and invited to be one of the two chaplains of ceremonies; President Wilford Woodruff had been selected for the other. I reported for duty the next morning. To

my utter amazement, I was honored with a seat in the prophet's carriage, and it led the parade through the streets of the "city of the Saints." Gentile boys from the housetops and from telegraph poles piped out: "Hello, Iliff! When did you join the Mormons?" "How many wives have you got?"

By and by the procession halted in front of the Tabernacle. The police opened the way through the surging crowd into the packed building. I was instructed to hold on to the prophet's arm, who led me down the aisle, up the steps, passing by bishops, apostles, and elders to the chief seat in the Sanhedrin, while the great organ pealed and the multitude shouted. President Woodruff, by his first counselor, George Q. Cannon, opened with a prayer which he said the Lord had dictated to him the night before. I closed the exercises with a prayer which, though I say it reverently, the Lord may not have dictated; for I felt sure that Congress and the country had been deceived.

In less than twelve months after the act of granting Statehood to Utah was com-

pleted polygamy was resumed, if, in fact, it was ever abandoned except by the very few; and dictation by the Mormon leaders on political matters was so intolerable that it caused a temporary rupture among the hierarchy itself.

### Brigham H. Roberts

In less than three years the whole nation was shocked at the election of a polygamist, Brigham H. Roberts, to the fifty-sixth Congress. It was as natural as it was defiant. Brigham Young in 1872 made the declaration that he would fool both the political parties and get Statehood for Utah, and then cram polygamy down the throat of the Congress. Both parties had been fooled; Statehood had been secured, but the remaining part of Brigham's prophecy must be fulfilled. The polygamist, Roberts, had been selected for the high privilege of cramming polygamy down the throat of the fifty-sixth Congress. I appealed personally to Apostle John Henry Smith, Hon. W. W. Riter, and other leaders with whom I had friendly

relations, to have Roberts called off by the church authorities, assuring them that the Protestant churches and the women of the land would never suffer a polygamist to have a seat in the Congress of the United States.

Of course my entreaties received no serious consideration, and Brigham H. Roberts was sent by the hierarchy of Utah to pollute the House of Representatives.

Following the election of Mr. Roberts a meeting of the Protestant clergy was held in Salt Lake City to devise plans for protesting against his admission to Congress. It resulted in the appointment of a committee of three with full power to prepare and present to the country at large, and to Congress in particular, charges and remonstrances. I was honored with the chairmanship of this committee. The Rev. Dr. W. M. Paden, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. C. T. Brown, pastor of the First Congregational Church, both of Salt Lake, were the other members. I spoke in thirty States of the Union, before Conferences, Presbyteries, mass meetings,

societies of women, traveling from Maine to California and from Minnesota to Florida; all to help the women in arousing public sentiment.

### Rejection of Roberts

Three weeks before the meeting of Congress I went to see the Hon. C. H. Grosvenor, of Ohio, enlisting the sympathy and the patriotic force of himself and others, members of Congress, with the well-known result—the prevention of Mr. Roberts from taking the coveted seat.

The rejection of Brigham H. Roberts by the fifty-sixth Congress was the severest punishment ever inflicted upon the Mormon hierarchy, and some of us who were active in the movement will never be forgiven.

### The Twins

One of the plural wives of Mr. Roberts had borne him twins. The Salt Lake Tribune, a non-Mormon daily, had a wide-awake cartoonist who made much capital of the fact. When the gentleman-elect started for

Washington to gain his contested seat, this cartoon man brought out a picture of the innocent children holding hands and dancing, saying,

"Oh, ho, there goes pa
Down to Washington,
But he won't take ma."

When the sad end came, and with head not so erect the disappointed man had to return home to the bosoms of his family, the same innocents were again dancing, saying,

"Oh, ho, here comes pa
Back from Washington;
Too much ma!"

But the Mormon monster is neither dead nor dying. When Brigham Young died in 1877, churchmen, statesmen, and editors over the country, said, "Mormonism will now go to pieces." Senator Mark Hanna, that astute and far-seeing politician, said to me in Washington city soon after the rejection of Mr. Roberts, "Iliff, you ought to let up on the Mormons now; they will be

good after such punishment." I had reason to believe that Mr. Hanna was hobnobbing with Mormon leaders looking to the transferring of the Mormon vote of Utah and Idaho from the Democratic to the Republican party. Up to this time national politics had not figured very seriously in Utah affairs; but the hierarchy was determined to have one of its number in the law-making body of the nation. The edict had already gone forth from church headquarters that Apostle Reed Smoot, professedly a Republican, was to supplant Senator J. L. Rawlins, Democrat. Of course Utah was carried by the Mormon Church. Of course a Mormon Legislature elected Apostle Smoot United States senator.

The following part was added after Roberts was unseated.

### Political Ascendency and Power

My final contention is that the chief menace of Mormonism to the nation to-day is its political ascendency and power. Back in the 40's in Nauvoo, when there were but a

few thousand Mormons, so close was the vote in the State that both political parties courted the favor of Joseph Smith. Nauvoo was granted such privileges by the Legislature that it was next to impossible to make an arrest within the municipality. It was a law unto itself. Finally a mob put an end to the outrages. The same political conditions prevail to-day in Utah. In the final analysis one man, *Joseph F. Smith, dictates its politics.*

If Utah were the only State involved, the menace would not be so serious; but the purpose is to secure the balance of power in every Rocky Mountain and Pacific State, and eventually the United States. These include Nevada, Montana, Washington, Oregon, California, Arizona, and New Mexico, as well as Utah—an area ten times as large as the original colonies and almost as extensive as the Confederate States. These possess boundless resources; many of them have resources scarcely touched and grow fruits and cereals of every zone and variety of climate. It is not to be wondered

at that when Brigham Young reached the shores of Great Salt Lake, and struck his staff to the earth, he shouted: "This is the Zion of the Lord, the land that flows with milk and honey, and I will hold it against all invaders. I say, as the Lord lives, we are bound to become an independent nation by ourselves."

While I do not believe that the hierarchy of to-day can carry to consummation the revelations and predictions of Brigham Young, nevertheless it behooves "Americans to be on guard."

Bear with me in closing. I will cite conditions and dangers to date.

### Same Old Serpent

First: Mormonism is the same old serpent. The leopard has not changed his spots. Polygamy is believed, taught, and practiced by Mormons to-day in Utah and in adjoining States, not only by the deluded followers but also by the leaders themselves. At the Smoot investigation the admission of the president and Apostles was made that they

had resumed conjugal relations with polygamous wives. Both Mormons and Gentiles were amazed at the bland and blatant testimony. Prophet Joseph F. Smith, under oath, boldly declared to the Senate Committee that he was then living with five wives, and that to date they had borne him eleven children since he had pledged himself to obey and live within the provisions of the manifesto, or revelation of 1890, forbidding all polygamous relations. When questioned as to his purpose in the future he frankly informed the Committee that he would continue in the practice. Apostle Lyman, who is next in succession for the presidency, was interrogated by the late Senator Hoar as follows:

"So, you, an Apostle of your church, expecting to succeed Mr. Smith to the presidency, and in that capacity to receive divine revelations yourself, confess that you are now living and expect to live in disobedience to the law of the country, the law of the church, and the law of God?"

To which question Apostle Francis

Marion Lyman replied with the emphasis, "Yes."

Similar testimony was given by John Henry Smith, Charles W. Penrose, Brigham H. Roberts, and other prominent leaders.

I join with Bishop F. S. Spalding, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Utah, and the Rev. Dr. W. M. Paden, pastor First Presbyterian Church of Salt Lake City, in commending Burton J. Hendricks, who emphatically declared in McClure's Magazine for the months of January and February, 1911:

"(*a*) That polygamy is almost as prevalent in Utah now as it was before 1890;

"(*b*) That if polygamy should suddenly stop, enough young people have entered the relation recently to keep it alive for another fifty years;

"(*c*) That one of the problems with which the American people will soon have to deal is the revival of polygamy in Utah."

(The foregoing is the heart of the great lecture that he delivered in hundreds of

cities, towns, and villages over America. That it had an unusual hearing and found ready sympathy among the hearers is evidenced by the results which followed.)

# VIII

# ADDRESS AT DEDICATION OF GRAND ARMY MONUMENT

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

—*Theodore O'Hara.*

## CHAPTER VIII

## ADDRESS AT DEDICATION OF GRAND ARMY MONUMENT

This address, delivered in Salt Lake City in the beautiful Mount Olivet Cemetery, where his own body now lies, is sufficient to indicate his patriotic fervor and show his uncompromising attitude toward any person or cause that would mar the symmetry and add any discredit to the Union.

It was delivered to an immense assembly, and was the dedicatory event for the tall monument erected to the soldiers of the Grand Army and presented by the Ladies of the Relief Corps of Salt Lake City. The date of the address is May 30, 1894.

### Address

Ladies of the Relief Corps, Comrades of the Grand Army and Patriotic Citizens:

We are assembled to dedicate this monument to the memory of that noble army of

our country's defenders of 1861-65. It is the gift of the Woman's Relief Corps of James B. McKean Post, Grand Army of the Republic, which entails upon every old soldier lasting obligations of gratitude and admiration to these loyal women. The cause in which loved ones fell, whose graves you have just covered with flowers and baptized with your tears, must have failed unless it had been sustained by the ranks of the patriotic mothers and daughters throughout the North. You have invited me to deliver an address appropriate to the occasion, and however earnestly I may desire to meet your wish I shall fall far below my idea of what this granite shaft means, and for what it stands.

It has been my good fortune to look upon monuments in many lands erected to commemorate historic events and in honor of great men. I have stood on the apex of the pyramid of Cheops, amid the sands of the Egyptian desert, and looked down on the mighty Sphinx, whose sleepless eyes have kept watch over the mysterious Nile for

thousands of years. At the close of many a glorious sunset, as the blue Mediterranean was burning with a crimsoned glow, I have sat on the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens remembering that the ancient Greek pointed with pride to the matchless Parthenon as enshrining the Palladium of his country, and reverently listened that I might hear the voices of Plato and Demosthenes speaking with the clear light of heavenly knowledge. I have walked at evening hour, when the closing day showed dimly through the windows of Schloss Kirche at Wittenberg, as the simple townsfolk were strolling in and out of the sacred edifice where rests the dust of Martin Luther. In imagination I saw the greatest of Protestant reformers as he came to that spot nearly four hundred years ago, with the immortal theses in one hand and the hammer in the other. The ring of that hammer as he sent home the nails startled Germany out of the slumbers of the Dark Ages, and its reverberations were distinctly heard at the Vatican on the Tiber. I have wandered by the hour through that

greatest Abbey of all countries, Westminster, and looked admiringly upon monuments that seemed to breathe with the inspiration of heroes, poets, scholars, and reformers, whose dust sleeps beneath the arches of the holy place. I have mingled with the busy throng in Trafalgar Square and admired the beautiful column commemorative of the achievements of Lord Nelson on the sea. I have been enraptured at the magnificence of the tomb of Napoleon in Paris, sullen with gloom, portentous of the shadows of Waterloo, but holding the remains of one of the most richly endowed men God ever created, and who trod down Europe for fifteen years. I have stood at sunset in the shadow of the Washington monument at our nation's capital, and to myself have said, "This stands for that majestic figure and sentiment, 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.'" I have gazed upon that silent shaft which pierces the sky on Bunker Hill until my soul has been stirred with a love of country born of an ancestral patriotism that antedates the

Revolution. Bunker Hill will continue to echo the farmers' shot at Lexington and the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, forever reminding our children that the blood of their fathers disenthralled the colonies from the oppression of Great Britain and united them into a sovereign republic.

But higher than any monument built by human hands in ancient or modern times, rises the immortal idea represented by this granite column, presented by these mothers, wives, and daughters to-day. This monument represents the might and majesty, the power and dignity, of the foremost nation in the world. This monument represents the marching columns of Grant and Sherman, Meade and Thomas, Hooker and Logan, Sheridan and Kilpatrick. This monument is a symbol of the heroism displayed by Leonidas and his three thousand at Thermopylæ, Xenophon and his ten thousand on the great retreat, Miltiades and his handful of Greeks as they swept from the plains of Marathon the hordes of Persian invaders. Higher still rises the idea for

which this monument stands. That idea inspired the charter of our liberties in the humble cabin of the Mayflower and the framers of the Declaration of Independence. It sent echoing around the world the vibrations of the old Liberty Bell as it proclaimed "Liberty to all the inhabitants of the earth," a hundred and eighteen years ago. It broke the shackles of four million slaves, and in the graves where sleep the nation's dead it buried side by side with them the heresy of State rights and secession.

The idea of liberty and the rights of individual man is not of human origin. It had its birth at Bethlehem. It took dual shape in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man as taught and practiced by the "Wonder of the Ages." No such idea had ever dawned upon the race. The Jew called the Samaritan a dog, and the Greek called the Jew a barbarian. Even Athens, whose temples shone with splendor, whose marble almost breathed under the touch of Phidias, whose birds pecked at the grapes of Apelles, and whose academic

groves were vocal with the hum of bees, the philosophy of Sophocles—Athens, with all her unbaptized learning, eloquence, philosophy, art, and civilization, could say no more than this: "There are three things for which to thank all the gods: first, I am a reasoning being and not a brute; second, I am a Greek and not a barbarian; third, I am a man and not a woman." The mightiest product of all her philosophy and learning could not rise above the prejudices of race or sex. The crowning glory for which this monument stands is that there is neither Jew nor Gentile, Greek nor barbarian, bond nor free, male nor female, but a universal, world-wide brotherhood, knowing no caste, no color, no previous condition of servitude.

The struggle for the recognition of such an idea has been long and hard. This sublime hope of the race has had to contend in turn with warrior and prophet, state and church, priest and king, nobility and aristocracy, position and wealth. But running through all the past, of which history gives any record, there is seen a bright chain of

destiny leading up to one goal—civil and religious liberty; and the final culmination of this struggle was at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865.

For the sake of our faith and hope let us review a little:

On June 5, 1215, King John of England signed the Great Charter (Magna Charta), which has been considered by all succeeding ages the basis of English liberties, and to which event America, in part, owes the germs of her independence.

On May 23, 1498, Savonarola was hanged, burned, and his ashes flung into the Arno; but after four hundred years the liberty for which he was a martyr hastens to honor and to prepetuate his memory. To one of the most beautiful squares in Florence, Italy, they have given the name, not of a king, not of a pope, but Savonarola, and on the spot where he was burned they have erected a fountain of which all Florentines may well be proud. As I watched the descendants of the Medici come and drink at this fountain, I heard a voice throughout

the earth and sky and heaven: "Galileo, Galileo, Galileo, the world moves!"

In the sixteenth century, when the murderous Inquisition had crushed out the hopes of all southern Europe, and had reached as far as the Netherlands, the obscure William of Orange and his beggars of the sea, aided by Henry "the Good," the plumed knight of Navarre, hurled the legions of Alva back over the plains and broke the yoke of proud Philip of Spain, that the Dutch Republic might become another light of liberty at which America two centuries later could light her torch.

In 1640 the wanton and cruel Charles I of England summoned his Parliament for the last time to do his bidding. Among the members appeared a mysterious personage, sent up from Bedford. He is described as wearing "a plain threadbare suit made by a country tailor, a slouch hat, and a sword stuck close to his side." Some one inquired of Hampton who that sloven was; his reply was prophetic: "That sloven whom you see there, if we should ever come to a breach

with the king, will be the greatest man in England." The crisis soon came, and under the fervid eloquence and flashing sword of that sloven the people's battle-cry of "God and Liberty" rang out over the bloody fields of Marston Moor and Dunbar, and Oliver Cromwell became the hero of the English common people and an inspiration to our Pilgrim Fathers.

Two hundred and seventy-four years ago there leaped from the deck of the Mayflower to Plymouth Rock a government founded upon the same exalted idea of liberty and equal rights for all men. "The occasion was not an accident, but a result."

> "We know what masters laid thy keel,
> What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
> Who made each mast and sail and rope,
> What anvils rang, what hammers beat."

It is true that the seeds of liberty were wafted to us from Holland and from England, but they took root under our free sky, pure air, and virgin soil, and we sent back and sowed through all Europe the same

blessed truths which emancipated us. England, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, and Ireland are now feeling the power of that idea. There are governments that still say that men are not born equal. But the cry of the people thunders round the world today: "Not the king, not the priest, not the royalty, not the nobility, not the president, not the money-power, but the people are the masters."

Of the same character of this long line of historic events is that sublime declaration of the revolutionary fathers: "We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these united colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." Therefore, the march of all the centuries up freedom's path toward individual self-government crystallizes around the Declaration of

Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

There is one more act in the development of this wonderful philosophy of history to which I want to refer. The great rebellion of 1861 was the culmination of the working out of the mighty forces of the problem of self-government. It was the crowning act of all the preceding struggles for liberty and the rights of the people. It was the consummation of eighteen centuries—the full fruition of hopes long deferred.

I purpose to turn back the telescope of memory over that great period of our history with which some of us are too familiar, but which must not be forgotten, lest the lesson which it teaches should also perish. I am apprehensive that such a review may provoke criticism; but the occasion of this hour and the previous condition of the country impel me to-day to speak plainly of the past, earnestly of the present, and hopefully of the future. For "when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them." In the won-

derful growth of the American republic two antagonistic types of civilization vied with each other for supremacy. They were born antagonists and a final and decisive conflict between them was irrepressible as it was inevitable. The one type started from Jamestown, Virginia, and spread along the southern shore of the Atlantic "bearing upon its aristocratic coat of arms the emblems of the imperious cavaliers of Charles I," from whom many delighted to trace their origin through the F. F. V. (the First Families of Virginia), and yoked to their slow car of progress was the growing engine of human slavery.

The effect of slavery was the corrupting of the morals and the paralyzing of the life-blood of public enterprise. Under its influence the whole South went wrong, and the pioneer spirit for the development of new territory was opposed and finally crushed to death. The other type of civilization unfurled its banner of freedom at Plymouth Rock and began its conquest of the new world with "God and Liberty" as the battle-

cry. It swept along the coast of the northern Atlantic to Manhattan Island, where among the Dutch settlers the spirit of William the Silent had been planted. Under the mighty impulse of a common brotherhood and the strong engine of free labor it rolled onward through the New England and the Middle States, swept over the heights of the Alleghanies, down the great valleys of the Ohio, across the broad prairies of Illinois and Iowa, hurrying and laughing over desert and plain, halting not in the presence of the Wahsatch, Sierra Nevada or Coast Range, and reveling in exultant joy under the Italian skies and on the golden fields of the Pacific slope. This triumphant host carried as their coat of arms the people's rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Their political gods were free thought, free speech, free press, free labor, free school, and free ballot. They bore as their credentials the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Their numbers increased so rapidly that in 1860 the population of the free States had reached more than

nineteen millions, while that of the slave States was less than thirteen millions. The leaders of the South had sought to meet this overwhelming flood of freedom's hosts. First, they clothed themselves with a representation in Congress based on the ratio of their slaves. Then they passed the fugitive slave law, "the most cruel insult that was ever offered by men given over by fate to fatuity." Then came the Kansas struggle and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and finally the contemplated changes in the Constitution by which slavery should be as national as liberty. Dark times were upon us from 1856 to 1860, when it looked as if God intended to break this nation in pieces to teach the world the terrible guilt of human bondage. I was but a boy from ten to fifteen, but I had drunk in the love of liberty from the day that my mother gave me birth, and I do not remember an hour in those dark days when my soul was not on fire for the rights of man. My parents were anti-slavery and our home was a refuge for many a fleeing slave.

In the great contest that seated Stephen A. Douglas in the United States Senate, Mr. Lincoln's challenge was a summons to battle. "A house divided against itself cannot stand," he said. "I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it shall cease to be divided." On this issue he fought the presidential campaign of 1860. Memorable year! The nation had been marching up to it for nearly a century. In November the people asserted their will at the ballot-box and by one hundred and eighty votes out of three hundred and three in the electoral college, freedom placed the invincible wand of power in the hands of that incomparable and incorruptible American patriot and statesman, Abraham Lincoln.

"Those whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." The South recklessly attacked the fundamental principle of popular government, that the majority must rule. Again and again the slave power had elected

the President by the same processes, and the law-abiding people of the North had cheerfully accepted the will of the people. But when the descendants of the yeomen, of Cromwell and of William of Orange elected a man who would do the right as God gave him to see the right, come what would, they began to fire on the stars and stripes that waved above the grim walls of old Fort Sumter. I vividly recall that Sunday morning, April 12, 1861, when the news reached me that the flag had been fired upon. I had been taught that "my country's flag of stars" represented the past, the present, and the future of my country itself.

President Lincoln, in his first call to the loyal people of the North for seventy-five thousand troops, clearly set forth the issue of the impending struggle. "I appeal," he said, "to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate, and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity, and existence of our national Union, and the perpetuation of popular government, and to redress the wrongs already long enough endured." Comrades, to that

call some of you responded, and the muster-in song was taken up all over the North:

> "We are gathering from the East,
> We are gathering from the West,
> Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom."

A little later New England, the Middle States, and the West made mountain, valley, and plain, teeming city and country village, schoolhouse and church, resound with recruiting songs.

"We are coming, we are coming, the Union to restore,
We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more;
If you look up all the valleys, where the growing harvests shine,
You can see our sturdy farmer boys fast falling into line;
And children from their mothers' knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door.
We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more."

Later still, company and regiment, division and brigade, Army of the Potomac and the Army of the Tennessee, shook the nation with their tread and song:

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag
We will breathe the air again
Of the freemen, in our own belovèd home."

God permitted that awful strife to continue for four dreadful years. It cost the government billions of treasure, and

"Four hundred thousand men,
The brave, the good, the true,
On battlefield, and in prison pen
Lie dead for me and you, good friends,
Lie dead for me and you."

I have briefly referred to these facts of history to make clear the justness of the statement that the act of secession was treason, treason against a government that had been patient and long suffering, submitting to injury and insult rather than see the country plunged into civil war. It was an assault

upon the rights of man, the freedom of speech, and the potency of the ballot. What other name can history use when it describes rightly the awful act of firing upon Sumter but treason? Let it be written and spoken over and over, that the children may never be in doubt that Jefferson Davis and his Confederacy were in rebellion against the country of Washington and Adams and Jefferson, and that Abraham Lincoln and his generals and soldiers were the defenders of the rights of man, the promoters of liberty, and the preservers of the Union.

Thus far I have spoken of the past. It is fitting that I dwell for a little on the present and the future. Peace has its dangers as well as war. The security of that magnificent past ought to be the foundation upon which we will build for all time. This monument stands for the preservation of the Union and the abolition of slavery.

"The Union must and shall be preserved," should be made the motto of every State and the password of every organization. When Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox

Courthouse twenty-nine years ago, it was determined that this American republic, from Plymouth Rock to Golden Gate, from where the waters of the great northern lakes dash themselves over the Niagara to where the "Father of Waters" rolls onward beneath the tropical sun, shall forever constitute one country under one flag, singing one song, and the theme of that flag and of that song,

> "A union of lakes, a union of lands,
> A union of States none can sever,
> A union of hearts, a union of hands,
> And the flag of the Union forever."

When the war began, four million human beings were held in bondage and sold like cattle. It was Lincoln who said: "Certainly, the black man is not our equal in color, and perhaps not in many other respects; still, in his right to put into his own mouth the bread that he earns with his own hands, he is equal to any other man black or white." On January 1, 1863, the great war President signed the immortal Emancipation

Proclamation, whereby the seal of liberty was placed on those millions of slaves. The contraband of war became a free man, a soldier, and a citizen; and he must be protected forever in all his inalienable rights as a loyal American.

It may be that we old soldiers are oversensitive and too suspicious. Be that as it may, I shall stand guard while there is a solid South making solid claims on the party in power. My comrades, do you know that twenty of the United States senators are ex-Confederates, and only ten are from the Federal army? That twenty of the ex-Confederate soldiers are chairmen of committees in the senate, and twenty-two are chairmen in the House? That there are but seventy-four Union soldiers in Congress as against seventy-six Confederates, including Speaker Crisp? These figures were given by the New York Sun.

We are confronted with the most stupendous problems that ever appealed to any government; "problems," says Gladstone, "arising from the complexities and the per-

plexities of conserving the integrity of modern civilization. From the sub-arctic lands of Iceland to the shores of the Hellespont, from the Spanish peninsula to the mountains of the Caucasus, there is not a nation, not a tribe or people, but is sending its mighty contingent, wasted by despotism and corrupted by vice, into the Eastern portions of the continent, while the celestials, nonassimilative, are thundering at the Western portals and forcing admission." Our population has grown from less than forty million to more than sixty-five million, since the war. George Bancroft was born when we had but five million; when he died we had sixty-five million. Joseph Cook says that in the year 2000 we will have some four hundred million, while Mr. Gladstone puts it at eight hundred million. Formerly we received the very best elements of all nationalities. It does seem now that in a large measure, we are getting down to the very dregs. We have made ourselves the Botany Bay of the world. Some one has said: "There is danger that our boasted

republic shall become one vast menagerie, with the beasts not caged; and presently these hordes gathered from the slums of all lands march to the polls, full-fledged citizens, and elect the President of the United States." Over our country's doorway we should from this hour write in broad letters which may shine over all the world, "No anarchist need apply." Many of those who come to us make patriotic and useful citizens. I have not forgotten the Irishman who fought under General Meagher nor the German who followed the brave Sigel. I welcome any decent element from any country if he comes here to become a loyal American. That wise thinker Chauncey Depew has well said: "We can still welcome those who will add to our strength and assist in the development of our resources, but we should rigidly inquire who these immigrants are and for what purpose they come. We are no longer in need of the surplus population of the Old World, and should thus carefully examine our guests. We quarantine cholera, yellow fever, and smallpox, and

we ought to have a national department of political health, empowered to search for paupers and criminals, and by summary procedure seize the open and blatant enemies of our government who are not citizens and send them home."

### Public School

This monument stands for intelligent citizenship and the public school.

Our republic is dependent upon the will of the people; therefore an intelligent people alone can maintain it. The life of the nation is impossible if the schoolhouse be not free to all. Whoever is an enemy of the public schools is an enemy of our country, be he Methodist, Romanist, Christian, or infidel. "Home shall teach obedience, the church shall teach religion, but the public school shall teach the knowledge of patriotism to the state at the expense of the state, and no influence must interfere."

General Grant, addressing the Army of the Tennessee at a reunion in 1876, said: "If there is going to be another battle in

the near future of our national existence, the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's. . . . That dividing line will be patriotism and intelligence on the one hand, and ignorance and superstition on the other." He added: "Cultivate, as you love America, free speech, free press, free schools, free religion, keep church and state distinct, or the time may come when our republic will fall through the apathy of its citizens." Some of you followed the lead of this silent hero to Corinth, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and the Wilderness and on to Appomattox. Will you obey and teach your children to obey the great commander concerning the public school, as "the high tower, the thick wall and the moated gate of the republic"?

I quote again from that clear thinker and patriotic citizen Mr. Depew: "Ignorance judges the invisible by the visible. Turn on the lights. Teach, first and last, Americanism. Let no youth be permitted to leave the public school without being thoroughly grounded in the history, the principles and

the incalculable blessings of American liberty. Let the boys be trained soldiers of constitutional freedom, the girls the intelligent mothers of freemen, and the sons of the anarchist will become the bulwark of the law."

### Patriotism and the Flag

This monument stands for patriotism and the flag.

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said,
> 'This is my own, my native land?' "

The need of America to-day is intelligent patriotism—a patriotism that watches over every interest of the republic. Therefore patriotism and the public school should march hand in hand down the ages, teaching the history and principles of our government to every child, while over every schoolhouse waves the American flag. I would have our thirteen million[1] children of public school children declaim and write of our

[1] Census of 1916 showed over 20,000,000 enrolled.

heroes and our wars, and sing daily with rapturous joy:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring!"

There is room in this country for only one flag, and "Old Glory" must lead the procession. This blood-consecrated banner is the symbol of our nation's honor. It must float in the breeze without a rival. We should forbid the carrying of any flag, banner, or transparency in public processions except the glorious stars and stripes. We want no orange flags, no red flags, no green flags, no black flags, waving over our children. Let there float upon the American breeze forever one flag only;

" 'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Let the rising generation be taught to love it, to invest it with all the history it suggests, and to cherish as one of the lasting utterances of the Civil War, General Dix's immortal order: "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

### Law and Order

This monument stands for law and order.

How are the sixty-five million of to-day and the four hundred million of the next century to be governed? There are but two answers to the question; first, by force of arms; second, by the force of moral sentiment that is obedient to law. As to the first answer, a people who have enjoyed the liberty of self-government for a hundred years or more will never submit to the iron rule of a military despotism. Therefore we must govern ourselves, hence the necessity of good will back of the law. That there exists throughout our country a widespread and growing discontent is too obvious to require more than a hint. The culmination of

a crisis may be delayed, but it is sure to reach us sooner or later, unless turned aside. It is not the time for hasty, reckless, inflammatory speeches; neither is it time to be silent. If the country is in peril—and the God of our fathers must know that it is—then it becomes our duty to speak and act as intelligent, law-abiding freemen. Shall we be deaf to the wail of the millions that are crying for bread? Shall we continue an administration and a Congress that seem to be so heartlessly indifferent to the appeals of the suffering millions? Shall we approve of courts and executives whose treatment of peaceable and law-abiding citizens is unjust and un-American? Shall we sit supinely still and see our country wrecked to ruin? Such a course would render us unworthy to strew flowers over the graves of our comrades or dedicate this monument to their memory. We are not slaves. We are free men, "who know their rights, and knowing dare maintain." We are not subjects of a despot who knows no law but his own will. We are Americans, with the blood of an-

cestors who fought at Runnymede, Naseby, Bunker Hill, and Gettysburg running in our veins. Let us solemnly see to it that there is some little government "for the people and by the people" at Washington. Our legislators have been in session at the nation's capital almost continuously for ten months, and the condition of the common people and country at large has become worse each succeeding day, and yet Congress lifts not a finger except to please the trusts and conciliate the money power. But, my countrymen, my appeal is not to arms. We must bow to the supremacy of the law, obey the orders of the judiciary, and regard the official acts of the Executive, whether just or unjust. To us is given the potency of the ballot, the exponent of free men's will, and therein lies our peaceful resort. We must see to it at the polls that power is placed in the hands of true Americans, who in some degree are worthy to occupy the chair of the immortal Lincoln, "the rail-splitter"; Ulysses S. Grant, "the tanner"; and Charles Sumner, the "uncorruptible."

Herein lies the real remedy. While with all my heart I sympathize with the oppressed, and the multitudes out of employment, I promise high heaven I will stand by the common people if unjustly assailed or treated. Nevertheless, I want to say that notwithstanding all the frets to which the laboring class is subjected, there is no law for material or force revolution. No uprising to destroy person or property can be tolerated in this country. All of us must obey the laws, and peacefully wait till our ballots, which are more potent than bullets, shall change them if they are wrong.

In closing I turn from these gloomy forebodings of the present to a glorious future. I am not a visionary optimist, for I can see danger and plan to meet it. I am not an imbecile pessimist, for I am willing to help conquer the perils without fear or favor. I believe in the future of this great land. I believe that the law of the survival of the fittest will find its sublimest political illustration in the perpetuity of this republic. In the language of Daniel Webster: "We shall

live and not die. The ill-omened sounds of fanaticisms shall cease. The ghastly specters of secession and disunion shall disappear, and the enemies of united constitutional liberty, if their hatred cannot be appeased, may prepare to have their eyeballs seared as they behold the steady flight of the American eagle on burnished wings for years and years to come."

On a certain occasion Henry Clay climbed with some friends the heights of the Alleghanies, and went out on a projecting crag. Looking toward the valley of the Ohio and the prairie lands of the West, as yet all silent and desolate, he was seen inclining his head as if listening to far-away sounds.

"What hearest thou, Senator?" said his friend.

"Hear?" responded the great statesmen. "I hear the thundering tread of the coming millions that will ascend these mountains, descend into these valleys, and hold these prairies away and away and away to the setting sun."

Fellow Americans, standing here to-day in the memory of the monumental facts of the past history of our country, remembering the way by which God has led us, I seem to hear the coming of the millions of freemen on this continent, gathered from every zone on earth, of every race and tongue; proud, intelligent, patriotic inhabitants of our great heritage. It is the anthem of a homogeneous people of many origins, and so all sounds mingle in harmony—the woodman's ax clearing giant forests, the rattle of the reaper gathering golden grain, the hum of machinery manufacturing home industries, the whistle of the engine, breaking the long silence of mountain and valley, the reverberating blast significant of the earth giving up her vast treasures, the cheer of loving women and the shouts of happy children, mingling their voices with stalwart men in home and church and school and market—all in spirit and tune with the national hymn:

"Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;

Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King."

After darkness, Light!

# IX

# CONTEMPORARIES AND COWORKERS

Oh, call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone:
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

## CHAPTER IX

## CONTEMPORARIES AND COWORKERS

Since this narrative should be history dependable and intended for a place among our ecclesiastical archives, it is only proper that the names of the men and the women who were employed by him in Utah should be given. The names of the stations opened and maintained are also herein recorded so far as known.

There was a short period of history made before he became the superintendent, for Utah was originally a portion of the mighty Rocky Mountain Conference which covered the Territories of Montana, Idaho, Utah, and a little of the western side of the Territory of Wyoming. It was thought when the Conference was organized that Evanston was in Utah; for that reason it was named in the list of the first appointments.

Bishop Foster presided over his first Conference in Utah; this was in 1872.

The men appointed at the first session of the Rocky Mountain Conference at Salt Lake City, August 8, 1872, included some other builders. Robert M. Guinn was sent as pioneer to Boise City, and others yet to be known for their executive ability were on that list. Among them was James M. Jameson, of the Ohio Conference. He was sent to Corinne.

When Mr. Iliff took charge of the Utah work as superintendent in 1882, it was not his first Utah experience, for he had been presiding elder of the Beaver District from 1876 on to 1880, with residence in Salt Lake. In 1880 the General Conference at Cincinnati had changed Utah's status from a Conference to a mission. The roster of his first men is here given. Bishop Hurst, presiding, read off: Beaver, Erastus Smith; Corinne, A. W. Adkinson; Frisco, to be supplied; Ogden, A. W. Adkinson; Provo, G. E. Jayne; Salt Lake, T. C. Iliff; Tooele, J. P. Morris and E. Smith.

All these but their superintendent still live.

Schools were maintained as follows:

Salt Lake Seminary, T. B. Hilton, T. W. Lincoln, and wife; Miss Mary C. Wheelock.

Ogden Seminary, A. W. Adkinson, Miss Rebecca Daly, Miss Lizzie Stevens.

Tooele, J. P. Morris and wife.

Beaver, E. Smith.

G. M. Peirce, former superintendent, resided inactive in Salt Lake City.

This list of charges gradually but steadily growing under his masterful hand, reached in 1898 the proportions of three districts with thirty appointments as follows:

*Provo District,* G. E. Jayne, P. E.

Beaver and Milford.
Bingham Canyon.
Eureka and Silver City.
Heber.
Mercur and Ophir.
Nephi and Levan.
Park City.
Payson and Mount Nebo.
Provo.
Spanish Fork.
Tooele and Stockton.

*Richfield District,* E. E. Mork, P. E.

Ephraim and Spring City.
Hyrum and Logan.
Monroe and Marysvale.
Mt. Pleasant.
Provo and Santaquin.
Richfield and Elsinore.
Salt Lake and Brigham.

*Salt Lake District,* T. C. Iliff, P. E.

Corinne.
Logan.
Murray.
Ogden, First.
Mission.
Price.
Salt Lake, First.
Heath.
Iliff.
Liberty Park.
Second.
Vernal.

The maximum number of schools was sixteen, and they were located at Beaver, Benson, Brigham, Elsinore, Ephraim, Grantsville, Grassvalley, Heber, Hyrum, Levan, Moroni, Mt. Pleasant, Murray, Nephi, Oxford, Payson, Provo, Richfield, Salt Lake, Santaquin, Spanish Fork, Spring City, Stockton, Tooele, and Weston.

These were the ministers who served the various charges in this period:

Martin Anderson, A. W. Adkinson, F. J. Bradley, W. J. Bonham, N. Bascom, F. Brock, W. K. Beans, J. D. Bird.

G. W. Cohagan, E. E. Carr, W. C. Culp, S. J. Carroll, W. Carver, A. B. Clucker (Glockner), W. M. Crowther, George R. W. V. Comer, J. G. Clark, N. Christopherson, O. Christenson, S. Cates, C. H. Campbell.

W. C. Damon, M. DeMotte, C. E. De La Matyr, E. P. F. Dearborn.

P. A. H. Franklin, D. J. Frew, H. D. Fisher, J. H. Fitzwater, G. P. Fry, J. H. Frazier.

J. J. Garvin, W. W. Glanville, E. C. Graff, J. D. Gillilan.

L. Hartsough, founder of the Mission, H. Hammer, T. J. Hooper, S. Hooper, A. W. Hartshorn, R. M. Hardman, E. G. Hunt, D. T. Hedges, J. W. Hill, Nils L. Hanson, Hans I. Hansen, J. M. Hanson, C. J. Heckner, W. A. Hunter, W. B. Hyde, M. Howison, A. H. Henry.

G. E. Jayne, T. Johns, G. M. Jeffrey, H. A. Jones, J. W. Jones, H. Johnsen, J. M. Jameson, N. P. Johnson.

J. E. Kirbye.

T. W. Lincoln, C. L. Libbey, S. P. Longstreet, L. W. B. Long, C. P. Lyford, F. N. Lapham.

C. McCoard, J. M. Eldowney, J. P. Morris, E. E. Mork, W. D. Mabry, G. P. Miller, W. Murphy, G. E. Morse, G. L. Marvin.

Martinus Nelson.

Lars Olson.

P. A. Paulson, G. M. Peirce, J. T. Pierce, H. W. Parker, J. F. Price.

L. A. Rudisill, G. W. Rich, W. J. Richards.

D. G. Strong, C. C. Stratton, E. Smith, R. T. Smith, H. N. Staalberg, E. H. Snow, H. L. Steves, R. L. Steed, E. C. Strout, H. Skewes, C. Smith, F. S. Stein, Joel A. Smith.

J. Telfer, J. E. Turner, S. W. Thornton, N. P. Tedrick, O. O. Tweede, J. W. Taylor.

J. Wilks, McG. G. Waynick, J. Waaler, J. D. Wasson, J. H. Worrall.

"Some of these have crossed the flood,
And some are crossing now."

Some of these went elsewhere after a term of years in the Mission and came to honor in other Conferences. Some wore out, and others finding their efforts so little appreciated by the people to whom they gave their labors, went into secular business. But one, E. E. Mork, stays still by the stuff.

### The Administrator

As administrator he companied with his men and women as true cooperators, showing neither by word or manner that he held a position above them. Yet he was never so familiar as to cause any of them to forget that he was a commander, though this did not unclass him with them. Isolated so completely from all nearby church authority, the Utah Mission was under his almost absolute control, the mobility of the Methodist system being such that it admitted, even then, the exercise of almost unlimited authority;

but by this superintendent it was never abused.

He understood democracy to mean such masterful manipulation of the Golden Rule as will cause the people among whom we move not to be obliged to think out the fact that we are only equals. This rule he sedulously practiced, magnanimous to the confession of a fault; always ready to go more than half way to effect a reconciliation, all the way if necessary.

No night was too dark, no trail too long, no task too hard in any appearance to deter him in his undertaking to help anyone in need. His many endeavors to do good were limited only by his inability to reach them in want.

The children of the households where he visited were forever his chums. His love for them was not more perfunctory than was their welcome.

## Some Stage Experiences That Were Not Staged

In the days of the nation-makers the un-

expected was ever and forever the expected. The traveler took his gun in one hand and his life in the other.

Many are the now seemingly semi-weird stories that can be filched from the early participators in them, specially such as relate to occurrences which smack of the bravado sort. Most of the narrators modestly decline relating them because of the personal reference necessary to the complete tale. Mrs. Iliff has such a fine fund of them, but she is like the others: must be almost cross-questioned in order to obtain them. "O, I do not like to talk about myself," say she and they.

Here is a little coterie of recitals obtained from her by the writer:

"On that memorable wedding trip from Corinne, Utah, to Montana, made wholly by stagecoach, while going through Port Neuf Canyon, near where Pocatello now stands, we saw at some distance ahead of us two or three men who were riding in our direction horseback. The driver thought he recognized them as 'road agents,' as the

common highway robber was styled. He at once turned his horses in the opposite direction and made for the home station five miles behind us, the one we had but just left, and nothing could induce him to budge until daylight. In our party was a middle-aged gentleman accompanied by his wife; they were from Philadelphia. He carried a considerable sum of money which he was planning to invest in Montana mines. When our scare came he was the most excited man on the stage, and it was very interesting to see him stuffing the rolls of bills down into his shoes; and as we were not burdened with greenbacks we succeeded pretty well in maintaining our equilibrium.

"On another occasion we were on our way from Bozeman to Salt Lake City for Conference, and had stopped over at Fort Hall Indian Agency to spend Sunday with Dr. Reid, the agent, an old friend. Monday night when we were to start there was just one vacant seat in the stage. Mr. Iliff must go for his Conference examinations; so Dr. Reid and myself waited till the next eve-

ning. Imagine our surprise to learn that the driver who should have taken us was held up the night before and killed; and we could look up and see the bullet holes in the top of the stagecoach. This was 'life in the Far West' of those days.

"At one time Mr. Iliff was sitting on the porch of a hotel at Nephi, Utah, when a drunken man rode up and demanded of the proprietor a good dinner. That worthy refused so modest a request and ran upstairs and hid in a room, locking the door. He then accosted Mr. Iliff and held the gun in his face, but did not discharge it. He was afterward convicted on the minister's testimony and sent to the penitentiary.

"In the early days Mr. Iliff went heavily armed through dangers seen and possibly many unseen."

# X

# CHARACTERISTICS

"If he could not help a friend, he would lie down beside him."—*Anonymous.*

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilential congregation of vapors.

What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!—*Shakespeare.*

For the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate.—*Bacon.*

## CHAPTER X

## CHARACTERISTICS

MANY tasks could be more difficult than that of filling a large volume with incidents of Dr. Iliff's life. This one is permitted because of its true delineation of his energetic determination to force success where circumstances would deter the ordinary man.

He was an ardent disciple of Izaak Walton in things piscatorial at least. He knew for unnumbered miles of the inter-Rocky Mountain country just where and just when to look for the lair of the speckled beauty known generally as the trout. It is not every fisherman who can at any hour of the day lure the tricky trout from his pool where, spiderlike, he lies in wait for the toothsome moth or other dawdler about the well-watched surface of his watery area. Every kind of fly may be used from the

dullest black gnat to the fieriest coachman; and Mr. Trout will wag his lazy tail and pretend not to see the bait the angler is sure is so seductive. It is at such times that many a man who claims direct descent from the patient Job discovers to his disgust that he has not enough patience for such angry trials. What can be more annoying than to have the knowledge that a certain hole had beauties galore, be able indeed, to see them darting and glancing in the sunlight, yet not get a single strike!

On one particular day the fish all seemed to be well fed on something more real than the imitation fly that Dr. Iliff cast, and cared nothing for any one in his book, although he tried them all. They evidently had conspired against him, had gone on a strike, or else had dined away from home. They affected to despise his every effort and thwarted his skill, while hour after hour he noiselessly as possible swished the silken line over the purling riffles, or beyond his eye to some dimpling eddy; but all to no purpose, except to produce a self-taunting which he

could not well endure. To be defeated by a simple trout! His arm was aching; perspiration oozed plentifully from many a pore. The sun was descending and the tapering firs cast long and longer shadows over the boiling, churning waters, the perfect home of the elusive rainbow trout.

He seldom accepted defeat as a member of his company. He was not easily disheartened. He believed always that if success did not attend his efforts he was not doing his best. On this occasion he was determined not to be downed. At last espying an eddying pool far across a deep part of the rapid stream, he made a long cast, and the hovering fly alighted by a circling island of flaky foam; no salmon fly could have made a more delicate and perfectly natural descent. Scarcely waiting for the snare to reach the water, a monster rainbow that had been long expecting such visitant leaped from the water and nabbed the alluring camouflage, at the same time turning to dart behind some tree-roots that extended into the deeper hollows of the pool.

Our fisherman saw the red sides of the quick trout and knew he had hooked a prize; but the quarry was not his as yet, although at the end of his line, and the reel was spinning with a beautiful "whir-r-r-r." He tried to dislodge the gay animal from the mesh of roots, but the result was hopeless entanglement. Unless something were done more quickly than this is being told, the leader or line would break and the victim escape. Had it been open water, nothing would have afforded him more particular or more rapturous delight than to have given his quarry the line and played him until he became exhausted or had committed suicide by drowning, which a trout can do if properly hooked. But something must be done quickly; an afternoon's fishing must not be defeated by the loss of so fine a specimen which itself fully recompenses. Finding no hope from so long a distance, he took his knife from his pocket, placed it between his teeth, doffed his clothing and plunged into that seething cauldron of water, almost ice-cold, and struck out swimming for the

captive and entangled trout. He cut the root that held his prey and was well rewarded; not so much by the fine trout, but by the victory.

This exciting experience was but a sign of his insuppressible trait of character. Truly, he was not fishing for trout alone. He was testing his skill and proving his ability to attract, catch, and save men. Many a young prodigal in the new West, far from the home of pure parents, Dr. Iliff trailed with all sorts of bait by way of inducement to cause them to take his hook. He cast again and again, tired but untiring, until from some far-off nook, and in a far-off way the trailed one took the fly only to attempt to escape when once hooked. Then it was that this brother of all men, without fear for his reputation, would dive into the turgid and dangerous pool, some maelstrom where the tangled one was in dire and direct danger, whatever the purlieu of iniquity, and rescue the falling fellow man.

Thomas C. Iliff was ever a fisher of men, a true and lineal descendant of Saint Peter.

Every person has his Mount of Vision, his hour of decision, as well as his precrucial Gethsemane, where, as with Jacob at Jabbok and Jesus by Kedron, victories alone with God are gained, decisions that are dated, fixed, and made irrevocable. Iliff had his, whose dates and places only he and the Father knew.

He was a high and worthy exponent and exemplar of the meaning of that rare quality, Christian socialism: he was brother to every one, most specially him whom he found willing to accept and share his spontaneous spirit.

He could fight and would fight honorably, but would never quarrel. Once a question of principle was settled he would not permit a reopening of it. It was in a railway train that a loud-mouthed fellow voiced his opinions in the lauding of the South and the "lost cause" in general, making as if he would be glad and willing to fight the Civil War over again. His braggadocio manner at last became so irritating that a peacemaker was needed. Dr. Iliff, a most

impatient listener, descended to the needs of the painful occasion and approached the noisy man; in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard by the annoyed assemblage he said: "Excuse me, sir, you appear the essence of bravery and patriotism. I wish to ask of you if you were in the late war of which you speak so eloquently."

"No, I was not," retorted the bully.

"Well, I was," said the peacemaking doctor, "and it took all the fight out of me."

The crowd roared and the crestfallen hero (never-to-be) retired to the smoker.

As a sample of Christian strategy the incident below is cited.

In the early 80's Idaho being yet a Territory, the Utah Mission extended as far as the fortieth parallel, excluding Fort Hall Reservation. This took in that portion of Idaho which includes Oxford and Albion, where the Utah Mission had schools and preaching points. Albion more especially was quite a frontier town, and the Federal court had jurisdiction; Judge C. M. Hays was on the bench.

A murder trial had been engaging the attention of the court and district when Saturday evening came; with the overland stage came the superintendent of Utah Mission. There was as yet no church building and the only place available for public gatherings was the town hall where the sessions of the court were being held. Mr. Iliff had a quiet talk with the amiable judge, telling him why he was present; it "pleased the court" to say that sympathetic cooperation would be made in the proceedings of the next day. When the time for adjournment came, Judge Hays simply said, "Court is adjourned till tomorrow [Sunday] at ten o'clock." When that hour arrived every juror and attorney was in his expectant place and the hall was packed by interested onlookers.

Without waiting for the clerk to read the journal, Judge Hays quietly remarked, "We will adjourn long enough to hear a sermon from the Rev. Mr. Iliff, who is present."

After thanking the court the preacher began by saying: "Gentlemen, during the week

you have been having law galore, now I am going to give you the gospel." Speaking of it more than thirty years afterward, he remembered that he gave them the gospel "good and plenty"—using his own remark.

Once when asked by one of his missionaries what was the secret of his cheerfulness, he replied, "The ability to shout when one is in the hole." Some of us who knew him most intimately have seen the time when the darkness of that hole was not only Cimmerian but intensely sulphurous; so Stygian and Hadean that he was very solemn, but in an instant he could shout, for he knew that no hue or dye or grade of darkness could be eternal to them who have the inner light which itself constitutes a joyful faith. His manner in this respect is exemplified in the case of Charles Brown, an employee of the Union Pacific Railway. He was a passenger conductor on one of the mountain divisions of that system of transcontinental lines. It was a foggy morning in winter. His train was passing another at a short sidetrack, and the necessary switching was being done.

A trainman said, "The fog makes your light dim this morning, Charlie."

"Yes," replied the conductor, "but I have a brighter one inside of me."

A minute or two later, slipping on the icy ground, he fell under the moving car and was instantly killed. His brighter light was needed for the darkness of death.

In the days when Utah and her people were being taught the meaning of the will of the people of the United States; in the days when short-visioned friends and co-workers could not understand and would not forbear criticism; when his plans for the future seemed futile; when at times he lacked fullest sympathy of certain members of the Missionary Board; when there was found not only incompetency in some of his men, and in rare cases serious charges of immorality must be faced; when tongues of calumny did not spare the character of this valorous leader, he lifted his chin, clenched his strong hands, shook his abundant locks, perpendicularized every curve out of his spine, and with steady tread marched ahead

trusting God and his other steadfast friends to care for his reputation. He stood, growing always till the perfect day.

Three times the somber wing of death carried to the Iliff home the weighty burden of sorrow. Three times he and his philosophic wife bared their faces to meet the force of the on-coming and relentless blizzard; and three times they emerged chastened, sweetened, and unscathed, showing

> ". . . a faith that will not shrink,
> Though pressed by every foe,
> That will not tremble on the brink
> Of any earthly woe!
>
> "That will not murmur nor complain
> Beneath the chastening rod,
> But, in the hour of grief or pain,
> Will lean upon its God."

At no time in all his career in the mountains were the children of the parsonages displeased to have it known that the superintendent was coming. His perennial joyousness was infectious and effectual. His was that undimmed light that for more than a quarter of a century poured itself unstinted

into the often isolated homes of the preachers of that inland Utah empire almost as large as the States of Pennsylvania and New York combined.

Equally at home astride a mule or bucking broncho, enduring the narrower inconvenience of the crowded stagecoach, in the Pullman, or afoot over some precipitous mountain trail, he was ever the unostentatious yet commanding center of attraction.

Not only was Dr. Iliff fascinatingly strong on social lines, it was his ability in the pulpit and on the platform that made him the compeller of audiences. Attractive in personal appearance and pleasing in demeanor, he immediately placed his hearers at complete ease while he held them from his first utterance. In stature neither short nor tall, and of sturdy and rather heavy build for his height, specially in the days of his prime, he was the picture of perfect manhood. His tousled hair flying and frequently thrust through with his fingers, he employed his own native and unstudied Iliffian gestures, all of which added im-

mensely to the attractive picturesqueness which always thrilled a crowd; while from the hot cauldron of his whole being—body, mind, and soul—his eloquence bubbled, effervesced, and finally overflowed the hearers until they were completely *en rapport* with him and whatever cause he represented.

His crowning delight was the preaching of the Word; although a source of mighty joy was the patriotic work to which he steadily held, even when his once powerful physique could no longer well bear the ever-delightful burden.

His lectures, aside from "Egypt, Sinai, and the Holy Land," were chiefly "What an Ohio Boy Saw in the Army, or the Sunny Side of a Soldier's Life," and "Mormonism, a Menace to the Nation." In this latter he always distinguished between the individual and the system, and the fact remains that he held and still holds among the Latter-day Saints many, many sincere and firm friends.

His sermons even on dedicatory occasions

were always of the deeply spiritual sort which captivated, held, and sometimes converted his hearers.

This masterful quality, native and improved upon, made him the success he was in times and in places where purse-strings were tangled and tightly tied. This imaginary purse-string is the human heart and mind which he would always unlock. He was an advocate before a jury; he won his people before he asked for the verdict. In this he ranked with Benoni I. Ives and the Chaplain-Bishop McCabe.

Like an ocean liner rigged and provisioned for a voyage of indefinite length, but whose final port was certain, he sailed stern-faced sometimes, but always steadily in one direction through many a billowy sea, meeting wave on wave of human opposition, threatened by underfilled areas of spiteful and seditious subcraft; but he proudly, yet not boastingly overrode it all while knowing the dangers, as did Farragut in Mobile Bay. Thus to the end he outrode every gale and made the harbor of victory.

# XI

# MEMORIAL SERVICES

## Apostrophe to Immortality

(A portion of address delivered by Dr. Iliff on the occasion of the death of his friend Matthew H. Walker.)

Immortality! We bow before the very word—immortality! Before it reason staggers, calculation reclines her tired head, and imagination folds her weary pinions.

Immortality! It puts a deathless crown upon every child of earth. It says to every uncrowned king, "Live forever—crowned for a deathless destiny!" Who can measure the magnitude that such a thought throws around all conditions of life? O, Christianity, what is thy one great mission?—to go, and wherever there is a heavy heart or troubled soul, or a home in darkness, or a sepulcher of night, and plant the beatific hope of life again, of life above, life forevermore. For Jesus Christ hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.

## CHAPTER XI

## MEMORIAL SERVICES

MANY memorial services were held throughout the Rocky Mountain country, but only a very few of them can find their way into this narrative. The most important were those at Salt Lake City, where his honored dust rests, and at Missoula, Montana, the scenes of his first missionary achievements. The Salt Lake Tribune of February 27 contained the following:

THE REV. DR. ILIFF LAID AT FINAL REST

Maxwell-McKean Post, G. A. R., Mount Moriah Lodge No. 2, A. F. and A. M., and the Methodist Episcopal clergy and people joined yesterday at 2 P. M. in honoring the memory of Dr. T. C. Iliff, former Salt Lake pastor and superintendent of Methodist Missions in Utah, who died Friday in Denver, Colorado. Dr. John J. Lace, superintendent of the Methodist Missions in this

State, had charge of the funeral services, which were held in the First Methodist Church.

The chief address was made by Dr. James D. Gillilan, superintendent of the Boise District of the Idaho Conference and former associate of Dr. Iliff in Utah. The Rev. E. E. Mork, in charge of the Methodist Scandinavian Missions in Utah, spoke, and H. G. Rollins, commander of the Maxwell-McKean Post, talked about Dr. Iliff's service to his country in Civil War days.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. J. H. N. Williams, pastor of the First Methodist Church. Dr. Josiah McClain, former superintendent of the Presbyterian Missions in Utah and an associate of Dr. Iliff, read the twenty-third psalm; and the Rev. F. W. Bross read the New Testament lesson.

A quartet, consisting of Mrs. A. S. Peters, Mrs. E. G. Caster, A. Eberhardt, and Paul Armstrong sang "Faith of our Fathers," and the congregation joined in the rendering of "O God, Our Help in Ages Past."

At the grave in Mount Olivet the Masonic Lodge and the G. A. R. Post held ritualistic services. The entire family was present.

This funeral was conducted in one of the fiercest snowstorms the springtime ever permits in the Salt Lake valley.

The pallbearers included men of high rank and calling, and among these was Simon Bamberger, the governor of the State.

### Address by J. D. Gillilan

Thomas Corwin Iliff was a man who faced wrong and any other opposition in the open. He never fought a stroke in the dark, nor stabbed any enemy in the back. He was an Achilles who never at any moment sulked in his tent.

His was an aggressive nature, so much so that he did not belong to the rear ranks. He was a Nestor—a pattern of that heroic Homeric knight whose stentorian voice could always arouse the "large-souled Greeks."

Born in Ohio of German and Irish ancestry, he became, because of that strong admixture, a high type of that newer citizen

of the world—the American. As such he stood in private as in public for the Golden Rule of democracy, namely, the procuring, defending and making sure and secure the same political, religious, social, and personal privileges for others that he demanded for himself and his own. His heart was so great the world did not fill it; he had room enough for heaven too.

He gloried in conflict for the joy of even the hope of final victory. His opposings were always of principle and never of a personal nature. If he knew how to be vindictive, none of his nearest associates ever discovered the fact. He never practiced hating his fellows, and therefore did not know how to do it.

Because of the state of unrest between the sections of our divided republic he became an early participant in the Civil War. Enlisting in 1861, he served until the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, in the Ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Co. A. In later life his standing among his comrades of the old army was so eminent he was elected to

the position of grand chaplain, and served with distinction.

There being a Great West to bring into cultivation, he came here so soon as he could after fully preparing for life's activities in the Ohio University at Athens, Ohio, the Alma Mater of three of his other comrades, C. C. McCabe, D. H. Moore, and Earl Cranston. Into our cis-Missouri domain with his youthful bride, Miss Mary Robinson, of Ohio, he came in the early 70's; his advent marked an epoch in things religiously and patriotically progressive. This was specially true of his life in Montana, where he faithfully blazed the way and made a path plain for the myriads of oncoming hosts whose sturdy and peace-loving descendants worthily represent all the virtues of such ancestors.

He never was found remaining long in a spot where there was nothing to do. If by chance he discovered such, he immediately and hurriedly decamped or started something.

In 1872 he became a member of the Rocky

Mountain Conference of Methodism at its organization by Bishop R. S. Foster, who was presiding over his first session in Salt Lake City. This mighty ecclesiastical territory embraced Utah, Montana, the greater portion of Idaho, as well as western Wyoming. Remaining in Montana four strenuous years longer, he became in 1876 a member of the Utah Conference and was appointed presiding elder of Beaver District. He, together with the honored late Judge Jacob S. Boreman, represented Utah Methodism in the General Conference of 1880, taking part in the election of Bishop Henry White Warren, that distinguished astronomer, poet, and Christian gentleman. At this session of the General Conference Utah became a mission of the church, and Gustavus M. Peirce was appointed superintendent. Mr. Iliff then transferred to Illinois and was made pastor in the city of Bloomington. Afterward he toured Egypt and the Holy Land with his old-time friend, Bishop S. M. Merrill.

In 1882 Mr. Iliff was appointed by

Bishop Hurst superintendent of the Utah work, which position he held until 1900. After this date he was made assistant secretary of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, until 1909; during all this time and until the setting of his earthly sun he was busy doing the sort of work affording him chiefest pleasure, that of raising church finances and dedicating new edifices, which he did from Maine to California and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. In this sort of activity he may have had a peer, but surely never a superior in handling hard financial situations consequent upon and in connection with the erection of new church buildings. The next to the last act in that line was the completion of the perfect temple of victory upon what seemed to the most sanguine of us broken, scattered, and shattered pilasters and foundation stones at Cascade, Idaho.

His Alma Mater and De Pauw University on the same day conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. He wore it harmlessly.

Dr. Iliff was never a plotting politician or a partisan demagogue. He was an American and a Christian. In the so-called "dark days" in this State, and when things politico-social were aboil in Utah, he was called upon to do his part at the behest of Congress, and he hesitated not a moment. A man of mark, he was an easy target, yet no shaft of any opposer ever found a joint in his harness. Exposed as he was to every sort of frontier social danger and political temptation, he maintained his whiteness of soul until his opponents praised him; for, like the diamond, the more hardly pressed the brighter he shone.

As an administrator his church work grew from seven actual appointments in 1882 to three districts with twenty-seven appointments in 1899; and from a membership of one hundred and sixty-seven to one thousand two hundred and forty-nine, not reckoning them in preparatory membership. Church edifices increased from six to twenty-five in 1899.

Personally, we traveled, camped, talked,

preached, and otherwise labored together for fifteen years, and while there were at widely separated intervals some firm words between us, there was at no time a harsh or bitter one. As to-day I look into his placid face I find memory bringing no unpleasant recollection.

Too modest, even at the urgent request of his many friends to do so, he would write nothing of himself. Some able biographer ought soon to chronicle his work so far as possible, and thus fittingly and lastingly to stereotype his life in our literature. For no man has preached more times, dedicated more churches, made more friends, lived in a more conciliatory manner, and proceeded more uncompromisingly than has the Rev. Thomas Corwin Iliff, whose four (of their seven) children with their mother remain to be yet a further continuation of blessings to earth.

### Editorial from Salt Lake Tribune

The death of Dr. T. C. Iliff, which occurred in Denver, has removed from all

earthly activity and care one of the ablest and best-loved champions of right in this section of the United States, and his work will be long remembered by those among whom he labored in the missionary field of Utah and Idaho. He was a militant Methodist, and preached the Word with all the force and vigor at his command. Yet he was a man of infinite patience, and of the most kindly feeling and consideration to the superlative degree.

A veteran of the Civil War, he shortly after its close began the work of a missionary, for which he was well qualified and in which he was eminently successful.

News of Dr. Iliff's death will be received with something of a shock by the people of all denominations in Salt Lake who had the honor of a personal acquaintance with the truly great man, for he was robust in spite of his years, and it had been fondly hoped that he would be spared for a long time to come. And now that the Maker of all things has summoned this tireless worker to his reward, we bow our heads in humble submis-

sion and bid farewell to a fearless Christian missionary, a patriotic citizen, a kind husband, and loving father.

### At Missoula

Impressive services in honor of Dr. Thomas C. Iliff, the first pastor, and the members of the congregation now serving their country in the field were held at the First Methodist Church yesterday.

The memorial services for Dr. Iliff, who founded the church here in 1871, were held in the morning, with the Rev. W. W. Van Orsdel, the Rev. Jacob Mills, Mrs. Emma C. Dickinson, and the Rev. Charles D. Crouch speaking in eulogy of the pioneer preacher.

Dr. Van Orsdel and Mrs. Dickinson gave the principal talks at the morning meeting. The latter is the only surviving member of the little congregation which heard Dr. Iliff's first sermon here. "Brother Van," as Dr. Van Orsdel is known, was Dr. Iliff's companion in pioneer missionary work in Montana Territory.

Mrs. Dickinson came to Missoula two years before the Methodist Church was organized. She spoke briefly of those early days and of the organization of the church.

"There was neither church nor schoolhouse in Missoula when Brother Iliff came here," she said. "The courthouse was the only place then for gatherings of any kind. Brother Comfort had preached there in 1869, the first Protestant preacher in this part of the territory.

"Brother Iliff and his bride arrived in 1871, and immediately arrangements were made for the building of a church. Mr. Iliff himself donned overalls that summer and worked with the other laborers to erect the building.

"Mrs. Dana and I were the only members of the Methodist Church here at that time, and when the church was organized there were seven charter members.

"In the fall of '71 Mr. Dickinson and I were married by Brother Iliff. Ours was the first marriage by a Protestant preacher in Montana, west of Deer Lodge.

"Brother Iliff and his wife sang themselves into the hearts of the people. They brought the Moody hymns, then new, with them, and used to sit on their porch and sing them, to the delight of us all. In our social gatherings he was always the one who made the most fun. He was a well-loved man."

Dr. Jacob Mills, who came to Montana ten years after Dr. Iliff, told of his experiences with the pioneer, and testified to the power of his preaching and the purity of his gospel. Dr. Crouch, pastor of the church, added his tribute, remarking that Dr. Iliff was the first Protestant preacher he ever heard and that the influence of his preaching changed his life.

### Tribute from W. W. Van Orsdel

Nearly fifty years have passed since Dr. Iliff came to this then new frontier and braved the hardships in a most heroic manner. He never faltered; he was always ready, no matter how difficult the task. Is

there a chance to do good and save souls? This to him was paramount to all else. He, under God, was a great leader, not only of the Methodists, but to all Christendom.

During his ministry, because of his ability in raising funds, he either dedicated or assisted in dedicating over five hundred churches and raised over three million dollars for that purpose.

In the early history of the Territory, before railroads, we made long journeys together, sometimes by stagecoach. At different times we took our lives in our hands, as it were, in crossing rivers and dangerous mountain streams, and sometimes amidst hostile Indians were often the first to hold Christian service in some frontier settlement.

Dr. Iliff was a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost. Of him it may be said as David said of Abner, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" David followed the bier and wept, and all the people wept at the grave of Abner because of their great love

for him. So is this true of our own departed brother.

A most intimate acquaintance was formed by the deceased and the writer forty-five years ago. This was strengthened and made more enduring through all these years, and was like unto that of David and Jonathan.

There is no friendship so endearing as Christian friendship, and especially that which grows out of Christian activity along the new frontier of the Rocky Mountain country.

One of our favorite hymns was:

"My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun."

'Tis not to be wondered at that this was his sentiment from the fact that he had lived and preached the pure gospel of Christ.

He has reached that sun-bright clime; That life is more real than this. This brings to us the reality of that hymn we have so often sung.

"Over and over; yes, deeper and deeper,
My heart is pierced through with life's sorrow and cry,
But the tears of the sower and the songs of the reaper
Shall mingle together in joy, by and by."

And which is further emphasized by "Palms of victory, palms of glory you shall wear."

O! our dear departed brother, whom we loved so well, thou art not dead, just gone before; safe in the paradise of God. If faithful to him, we shall see thee again in that beautiful home over there, where the long, dark night and the toil-wearying day never tarnish the bright golden plain, for thou hast taken thy place with the blood-washed victors.

Yes, we shall roam together again in Elysian fields of glory. How we shall all miss thee! But heaven is nearer and Christ is dearer than ever before. May thy saintly mantle rest not only upon the family, but upon the whole church.

Yes, to thee the gates have opened wide.

The gates of the "poor in spirit," "they that mourn," "the meek," "they which hunger after righteousness," "the pure in heart," "the peacemakers"—all are blessed gates, and at thy approach they all opened wide to let thee in, and thou didst go sweeping through, all washed in Jesus' blood.

"Servant of God, well done;
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last."

## OLD GLORY IN FRANCE

DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR TO DR. ILIFF

Old Glory in France!
What a mighty advance
This leader of liberty takes!
It strides over seas
To the nations whose knees
Are bowed to the God of the right
Day and night while they fight;
And the throne of crowned infamy
Shakes to its base at the sight.

Old Glory in France!
At the front, in advance,
Waving out the glad word
That the "flag of the free"
From the "home of the brave,"
Crosses ocean's wide wave
A redeemer to be!
For the peace of the world
Is Old Glory unfurled,
And forever nailed fast
To the head of the mast!

Old Glory in France!
How the children will dance
In Lafayette's land
Where the undaunted stand
By their tricolor true,
And our Red, White and Blue,
In blended communion,
A sanctified union!
The mother will shout in exuberant joy
For this unified ægis protecting her boy.

. . . . . .

Thus we send France our love
Which has never grown cold;
We send her our gold,
We send her our sons:
But we send her Old Glory
To float o'er her guns.

# APPENDICES

# APPENDIX I

It is the fashion of Gentile writers to sneer at Mormon converts as belonging to the "lower classes." So they did. So did a certain group of fishermen collected on the shores of Lake Tiberias nineteen centuries ago. The slur has this much of justice, that few persons of education, few persons even who had what might be called the educational habit of mind, were gathered in by the zealous missionaries of the Mormon Zion. But neither did these missionaries appeal to paupers, criminals, nor n'er-do-wells. They wanted sturdy farmers, skilled mechanics, faithful laborers—and these they secured, and with them occasionally a family or an individual of high worldly standard. Charles Dickens, who visited a shipload of Mormon emigrants on the eve of their departure, pronounced them the cream of England of their class. With all due allowance for Dickens's tendency to

exaggerate, this is high praise.—*Brigham Young and His Mormon Kingdom, pp. 253, et seq.*

## APPENDIX II

The political control of the hierarchy is so absolute that a Mormon official has been reduced to the ranks for circulating at a school election a different ticket from the one favored by his church superiors; and at Washington an Apostle sits in the Senate as ambassador of the polygamous kingdom—an ambassador who has a highly important vote in the Senate of the republic to which he is accredited.—*Brigham Young and His Mormon Kingdom, p. 390.*

## APPENDIX III

### The Anti-Polygamy Manifesto

To Whom it May Concern: Press dispatches having been sent for political purposes from Salt Lake City, which have been widely published, to the effect that the Utah Commission in their recent report to the Secretary of the Interior allege that plural

marriages are still being solemnized, and that forty or more of such marriages have been contracted in Utah since last June, or during the past year; also that in public discourses the leaders of the church have taught, encouraged, and urged the continuance of the practice of polygamy;

I therefore, as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, do hereby, in the most solemn manner, declare that these charges are false. We are not teaching polygamy, or plural marriage, nor permitting any person to enter into its practice, and I deny that either forty or any other number of plural marriages have during that period been solemnized in our temple or in any other place in the Territory.

One case has been reported in which the parties alleged that the marriage was performed in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City in the spring of 1889, but I have not been able to learn who performed the ceremony; whatever was done in this manner was without my knowledge. In consequence of this alleged occurrence, the Endowment

House was by my instruction taken down without delay.

Inasmuch as laws have been enacted by Congress forbidding plural marriage, which laws have been pronounced constitutional by the court of last resort, I hereby declare my intention to submit to those laws and to use my influence with the members of the church over which I preside to have them do likewise.

There is nothing in my teachings to the church or in those of my associates, during the time specified, which can reasonably be construed to inculcate or encourage polygamy, and when any Elder of the church has used language which appeared to convey any such teaching, he has been promptly reproved. And now I publicly declare that my advice to the Latter Day Saints is to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the law of the land.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,
President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 24, 1890.

## APPENDIX IV

When the Manifesto of 1890 was issued, forbidding further practice of plural marriage (polygamy), it was the Mormon women who were most pained and most resentful. But here and there was one who saw deeper, beyond the temporary disrupting of home ties to the peace and confidence which lay ahead. One Apostle, whose first wife was of this caliber, asked her what she thought of it. She answered: "Well, E—, I've always thought that some time God would get as tired of polygamy as I am."

That woman was an exception, however. Even now, when plural marriage has been renewed under circumstances of secrecy and deceit that would ruin the most righteous institution, Mormon women resent the faintest challenge of polygamous faith or practice; and they would perjure themselves before courts and investigating committees to clear their husbands, even at the cost of bastardizing their children.—*Brigham Young and His Mormon Empire, p. 230.*

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